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EDITORIAL

THE ROOTS OF MADNESS

Colonel Qaddafi's madness, in both senses of the word, is not as inexplicable as it seems to Western governments and media. Its roots are readily seen in the devastating failures of more moderate politics in the Arab world over the last several years. A few months ago, in a series of newspaper interviews and at a Washington press conference, Jordan's King Hussein, hardly a Qaddafi apologist, provided the best analysis of Libyan radicalism: decades of reasonable requests and cool appeals by Arab leaders to Western potentates have been fruitless. Arab demands for power in regional affairs, for a settlement of Palestinian rights, for economic independence and for simple recognition as separate but equal peoples have been denied. The West honors its most reactionary Arab allies—and embraces the Arabs' enemies.

It is the inability of the liberal, Western-educated, secular Arab elites to make good on their promises of reform, reconstruction and peace that allows fundamentalist braggarts like Qaddafi to gain influence and popularity. Leaders of all ideological stripes may correctly call Qaddafi a madman, and worse; but he expresses anger and frustration that are endemic in the Middle East's Moslem population.

To an equal extent, Qaddafi is a monster of the West's making. As official colonialism ended, the West believed it could modernize and democratize the lands it left without losing a certain control. Many local leaders agreed they had a lot to learn from Europe and America, but the lessons have not been what they had hoped. King Hussein is bitterly pessimistic.

"I now realize that principles mean nothing to the United States," he said after a visit with President Reagan. "Is the United States able to . . . live up to its commitments? . . . We don't see it happening."

FATAL FEUD?
Gifford Phillips

CHILE HEATS UP
Cynthia Brown

RED SQUAD REVIVAL
Dave Lindorff

PARIS IN THE SPRINGTIME
Daniel Singer

CRITICAL MISGIVINGS
J.D. McClatchy

CRICKET AND COLONIALISM
Mark Naison

THE MISSING SECURITY DEBATE

WHAT THE DEMOCRATS AREN'T SAYING

This is the fourth in a series of comments by members of The Nation*'s editorial board on the candidates and issues in this election year.*
—The Editors

RICHARD FALK

During a debate at Columbia University the week before the New York primary, the three Democratic candidates were asked to give their views on a proposal that the United States commit itself to a policy of no first use of nuclear weapons. Both Walter Mondale and Gary Hart said, give or take a quibble, that the United States could not renounce its nuclear option until the North Atlantic Treaty Organization builds up its conventional capabilities to balance those of the Warsaw Pact countries. Jesse Jackson said, in effect, Sure, it's a good idea; but his manner conveyed little familiarity or concern with the issue. The responses were disappointing, for they confirmed that the outcome of this year's election will be irrelevant to the course of national security policy. Mondale and Hart are playing the traditional liberal game, avoiding any challenge to the prevailing consensus on strategic issues, while Jackson, besides being a candidate with a special set of priorities, clearly doesn't know enough to speak convincingly on issues vital to the future of all Americans.

The particular question posed at the debate was not so controversial that it warranted such noncommitment. In a much-discussed article in *Foreign Affairs* a couple years ago, Robert McNamara, McGeorge Bundy, George Kenna and Gerard Smith gave their tentative blessing the idea of no first use, without challenging

(Continued on Page

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LETTERS.

A FAIR SETTLEMENT

Washington

Some people look at a beautifully grained piece of oak and see only the possibility of getting a splinter. That seems to be Tracy Freedman's perspective in her story on the Federal Trade Commission and the General Motors "defects" settlement case ["Back to Caveat Emptor at F.T.C., *The Nation*, March 10]. Her story does not mention that the settlement provides every current owner of a G.M. vehicle, and every future owner through 1991, a tool for holding the manufacturer responsible for major engine or transmission failures. The tool, of course, is third-party arbitration. There are no time or mileage limitations.

The settlement applies to every owner of the nearly 50 million G.M. vehicles currently on the road, and of the estimated 28 million more that will be manufactured and sold through 1991. It covers nearly one out of every two automobiles being driven in the United States today. And the arbitration procedure the F.T.C.-G.M. agreement confers is something owners have never had. Prior to the agreement, G.M. car owners had to reach down in their pockets to pay a $500 to $1,500 repair bill that they did not think was their fault; there was not much they could do about it. Now they may ask G.M. to "foot the bill" and explain why they think G.M. should do so. If G.M. refuses, they may tell their reasons to an impartial arbitrator. The arbitrator's decision is binding on G.M., but if it displeases the consumer, he or she may file a suit in court. The procedure is fast. It's cheap. It's practical. It's fair. And the record thus far shows that G.M. car owners collect more frequently than not.

The settlement is not accurately represented in the article. Nor is it fairly characterized as "the Reagan appointees . . . work to undo the pro-consumer policies of the 1970s."

While the agreement requires G.M. to arbitrate any engine or transmission complaint through 1991, it contains special provisions for complaints involving any of the three specific components that led to the F.T.C.'s initial investigation: THM 200 automatic transmissions, camshafts in custom V-8 gasoline engines and fuel injection systems in 350 diesel engines. Freedman spends a good deal of her article arguing that those vehicle owners receive a "raw deal" in the agreement. It will be a pity if she discourages such owners from seeking reimbursement from G.M. for past repair bills. Reimbursement can be a very simple matter—often as simple as notifying the G.M. zone office of a repair bill, providing proof of ownership and repair receipts and receiving a settlement offer.

Freedman states that nine out of ten people do not go to arbitration because the process is so arduous that the complainant gives up. That's just plain wrong. The reason most people do not arbitrate is that they have already received a satisfactory settlement. At the Cleveland Better Business Bureau, early publicity of the agreement generated 400 complaints. Those complainants have received $400,000 from G.M., and only a few are going or have already gone to arbitration. The number will continue to increase; there are over 10,000 requests pending in Cleveland alone. Preliminary reports indicate those success stories are being repeated all across the country.

Freedman opposes individual arbitration as a means of settling the who's-going-to-pay-the-repair-bill question for three main reasons:

(1) Arbitration has a roulette-wheel quality.

(2) The F.T.C. didn't require disclosure of "failure rates" as part of the settlement.

(3) G.M. did not have to admit that all cars of a particular type were defective.

Are those fair criticisms? Absolutely not. The G.M. settlement is not only much fairer than prior settlements but also avoids many of the arbitrary results seen in earlier cases. Previously, only consumers whose problems came within specified parameters (for example, 36 months or 36,000 miles) were eligible for refunds. Within those limits, however, consumers whose problems were caused by their own negligence or lack of maintenance might also receive refunds. In contrast, the G.M. settlement contains no time or mileage limitations but does allow the arbitrator to exclude cases of negligence or abuse. Now which is fairer?

Similarly, failure rates have never been disclosed as part of any of the commission's past automobile defects settlements. G.M. does not admit that its cars were defective nor agree to disclose failure rates. Instead, the case was settled avoiding the necessity to prove in court that a "defect" had occurred. Is it worth waiting years for such a determination when we can obtain effective redress now? Clearly the answer is no.

What this settlement does is insure that the largest possible number of G.M. owners who have unexpected problems are compensated, while consumers whose problems are caused by their own failure to maintain or care for their cars are not. Moreover, it is important to understand that this settlement applies to a broader range of potential problems than any other prior settlement and that it will continue to produce benefits to consumers until 1991.

This is still an experimental program, and there may yet be a few splinters in it that we will need to remove. But experience is already proving that it is one of the most far-reaching and beneficial initiatives ever undertaken by a Federal agency under any Administration. *Carol T. Crawford, Director*
Bureau of Consumer Protection
Federal Trade Commission

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FREEDMAN REPLIES

San Francisco

Hastening to call me a spoilsport, Carol T. Crawford ignores the main point of my article: the Federal Trade Commission's settlement with General Motors sets a dangerous precedent likely to encourage further abuse of consumers by powerful companies. It was not my intention to deter consumers from using arbitration, or any other remedy, to win redress from G.M. Nor would I minimize the F.T.C.'s efforts to extract the best possible agreement. But the fact remains that G.M. was in the driver's seat on this one, largely due to the commission's weak Congressional mandate and the Administration's caveat emptor approach to consumer protection. Crawford fails to refute that argument.

Whether arbitration is "fast," "cheap," "practical" and "fair" is simply speculation by Crawford at this point. We disagree that it is fair to require each individual victim to seek compensation for a class of problems suffered by millions. Is it fair for someone with a $2,000 repair bill to get a check for only half that amount? Is it fair that G.M. must pay to repair only a tiny fraction of its troublesome cars? I also wonder what the F.T.C. can do if the system turns out to be less marvelous than Crawford suggests.

Crawford misrepresents me as stating that consumers never reach arbitration because the process is so arduous. What I said was that past experience shows nine out of ten consumers never pursue their cases past the initial stage of mediation: they either settle or drop out of the process altogether. But what constitutes a "satisfactory" settlement in mediation? While I'm pleased to hear that 400 car owners in Cleveland have received $400,000 without resorting to arbitration, I have no way of knowing the actual costs of their repairs or the number of consumers who got nothing. In Cleveland, moreover, the settlement was widely publicized. How many G.M. car owners have received similar payments in other cities and how many deserving of redress will never participate in any phase of the program?

Crawford claims the settlement covers a "broader range of potential problems" than any previous settlement. But of course! The cars in question suffered a broader range of problems than most. Crawford ignores the fact that G.M. had already begun to offer arbitration to its consumers, in keeping with an automobile industry trend, but unlike its competitors G.M. is insulated from F.T.C. prosecution for the next seven years. The commission's arrangement is only marginally better than the status quo. It's nice to hear that government pressure is helping some people win justice from G.M. Unfortunately, the circumstances of the settlement are likely to provide less protection for consumers, not more. *Tracy Freedman*

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EDITORIALS.

Nukenders

In the hours before dawn on Washington's Birthday in 1974, a young Massachusetts communard named Sam Lovejoy snapped the guy wires of a 500-foot steel tower built by Northeast Utilities for meteorological tests preparatory to the construction of a nuclear power plant near the town of Montague. The rig came crashing to the ground. Lovejoy reported his deed to the local authorities; like Washington, he could not tell a lie. He stood trial the following fall and was acquitted.

Lovejoy's private battle was the first act of civil disobedience against commercial nuclear power—the "peaceful atom"—in American history, but it was hardly the whole antinuclear war. Eighteen months after his trial, Lovejoy helped form the Clamshell Alliance, a grass-roots movement of New Englanders opposing plans for the Seabrook nuclear power station near Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Demonstrations, sit-ins and serious civil disobedience began at that site on August 1, 1976.

Before long there were dozens of antinuclear groups throughout the country: the Abalone Alliance in California, the SEA Alliance in New Jersey, the Crabshell group in Washington State, SHAD on Long Island, the Palmetto Alliance in South Carolina. The no-nukes movement grew into

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one of the biggest political projects of the 1970s. It was never successfully co-opted or channeled into the respectable opposition. Editorial writers and public officials who later came to attack nuclear power could always call themselves responsible critics, while the tower-topplers, sit-in specialists and noisy demonstrators were radical extremists, without a stake in economic growth and political stability.

But the radical outsiders have a lot to claim credit for these days. A decade after Lovejoy's night on the town, Montague has no nuclear power plant, and Northeast Utilities' proposal is dead and buried. The many failures and faults of the nuclear power industry in Washington State, which Crabshell had targeted, led to the collapse of "Whoops" (Washington Public Power Supply System). SHAD's old foe, the Shoreham nuclear plant, is struggling against the antipathy of local and state politicians and cost overruns of $3.75 billion, 1,500 percent above original estimates. The Allied General nuclear reprocessing plant stands silent and abandoned in Barnwell, South Carolina, a victim of the Palmetto Alliance's tireless assaults. And last month in New Hampshire, Seabrook's manager, the Public Service Company, called it quits and laid off 5,200 of 6,200 workers on the project. The fired employees got a confidential memorandum in their final pay packets: Cash this check quickly or there may be no money in the account.

Lovejoy and the antinukers who came after him did not do all the damage, of course. The acute energy shortage of 1974 turned into an oversupply with the oil glut and lowered demand. Good old American don't-know-how, bureaucratic paralysis, management failures and greedy profiteering took enormous tolls. And Three Mile Island gave a nightmare reality to the critics' most paranoid prophecies.

But the movement created the crucial context in which the other factors leading to the bankruptcy of nuclear power made sense. It established the terms of debate, made space for opposition across a spectrum from tepid to torridly militant, and contributed to a generalized national awareness about nuclear hazards. The lesson of the decade's activities is that political action works in complex and unpredictable ways. One sit-in or even a hundred may not bring a change in public policy. But serious political organization and movement-building establish a base of activists who are ready to seize opportunities when they arise.

If there had been no movement at the time of the near-meltdown at Three Mile Island, the government and the power industry might have succeeded in persuading the public that the accident was an anomaly. If there had been no movement, the builders of Seabrook and Shoreham and the other big boondoggles might have covered their tracks and passed on unlimited costs to unwitting ratepayers. If there had been no movement, the government might have felt less pressure to establish and enforce rigorous safety standards.

There's no way of knowing just what part of the total picture may be ascribed to the antinuclear organizations, but it is fair to say that the energy situation in the United States would be vastly different today without them. That should give hope to other political organizers who are ignored, ridiculed or vilified: the solidarity and anti-intervention groups concerned with Central America, the nuclear disarmament movement, those struggling on several fronts for racial and sexual equality. There are plenty of towers left to topple.

Glowing Highways

The antinuclear movement may have halted the construction of new reactors, but the old ones are still spewing garbage. On an undisclosed day in the next few weeks, flatbed trucks bearing casks of some of that highly radioactive waste will once again roll through the streets of New York City, after a nine-year moratorium. That sobering news, announced last week, was the direct result of a Supreme Court action in late February.

The Court had declined without comment to hear a case involving shipments of spent fuel from Brookhaven National Laboratory reactors, which are used in calibrating nuclear measuring devices, producing medical isotopes and performing atomic ray and beam research. Thus the 2-to-1 verdict of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit overturning New York's ban on such shipments was upheld, and Brookhaven was free to send its radwaste over the city's bridges and on its streets and highways.

The ruling overrides shipping bans similar to New York's, which have been passed by more than 200 American localities. And it effectively clears the political roadblocks to the transport of much more radioactive (and dangerous) spent fuel from the nation's seventy-seven commercial nuclear reactors. For the time being, of course, commercial spent fuel has no place to go. Since its formation in 1977, the Department of Energy has been working to designate a disposal site, but that decision, according to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, will require a lot more data than the D.O.E. has so far gathered.

Spent fuel from Brookhaven and eighty-five other noncommercial test, research and university reactors, however, has a definite destination. The Brookhaven elements are to be trucked to the Idaho National Engineering Laboratory, thirty-five miles west of Idaho Falls, where nuclear submarine fuel is reprocessed. Spent fuel from several other research reactors on the East Coast are shipped to the D.O.E.'s Savannah River Plant near Aiken, South Carolina. There it is chemically reprocessed, with the remaining plutonium used to make nuclear warheads and bombs, and the still-fissionable uranium reconstituted to fuel the government's weapons production reactors. Enormous quantities of acidic effluents are added to the spent fuel during the process, thereby liquefying the waste. While that "high-level" waste, as it has been designated by Congress, is somewhat less radioactive than spent fuel from commercial nuclear power plants, it is forty times greater in volume, and the plain fact is that the Department of Energy isn't even working on a plan for its disposal.

Since 1942, that dangerously hot (thermally as well as radioactively) radwaste has been piped to underground steel tanks, many of them designed to last no more than forty

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years, for "temporary" storage. Many of those tanks, which have a capacity of up to 1.3 million gallons, are buried at the Hanford nuclear reservation in the southeast corner of Washington State. At last count, twenty-seven tanks there had been confirmed to be leaking, and the integrity of thirty-one others is suspect. Other "farms" are at the Savannah River Plant, which boasts fifty-one tanks, the latest of which are double-walled and continuously refrigerated; at the Idaho laboratory; and at West Valley, New York, site of the only American plant that ever attempted to reprocess spent fuel from commercial reactors.

The West Valley site contains the smallest quantity of radwaste, a relatively minuscule 560,000 gallons, or 47,850 cubic feet. But by the D.O.E.'s estimates, digging up the tanks, converting the liquid wastes and intractable sludges within them to glass and packaging it is going to cost Federal and New York State taxpayers something like $300 million—and the problem of where to dispose of the radioactive glass remains unsolved.

Not to worry, though; the Supreme Court has provided the Federal government with a legal out. All the Department of Energy has to do is pour its inventory of 11 million cubic feet of high-level waste into casks lined with steel and lead, hoist the casks onto flatbed trailers and drive the radiating garbage through the streets of New York City, and along the highways of America, forever. FRED C. SHAPIRO

Fred C. Shapiro is a staff writer for The New Yorker *and the author of* Radwaste: A Reporter's Investigation of a Growing Nuclear Menace *(Random House).*

Fatal Feud?

During the New York primary race the increasingly abusive tone of the Hart-Mondale exchanges led some observers to predict that the Democratic Presidential nomination wouldn't be worth having if the prime contenders didn't quiet down. In the final days of the contest pollsters found that one-third of the supporters of each candidate said they would vote for Ronald Reagan should their man fail to win the nomination.

Those adverse reactions apparently worked to moderate the tenor of the campaign in Pennsylvania, where the two leading candidates—though disagreeing on some issues, especially the Chrysler bailout—stuck more often than not to indirect attacks. Now that Mondale is well ahead in delegate votes, he will no doubt soften his comments on his chief opponent; by the same token, Hart must raise the temperature of his rhetoric if he is to catch up. As the campaign moves west into territory more congenial to Hart, he will again open fire on Mondale as a captive of labor.

Will the Hart-Mondale contest irreparably weaken whoever is chosen to run against Reagan? Unfortunately the past gives little clear indication of the answer. The Taft-Eisenhower battle for the Republican nomination in 1952 split the party ideologically but did not prevent Eisenhower's landslide in November. The bruising Democratic primary campaign in 1972, when Vietnam was a highly emotional issue, didn't help George McGovern's chances against Nixon. But the President's overwhelming victory was certainly due much more to McGovern's inept campaigning (especially his mishandling of the Eagleton affair) as well as the electorate's perception that Nixon was about to extricate the country from the war. The Carter-Kennedy contest in 1980, which engendered a good deal of mutual ill will, undoubtedly hurt Carter against Reagan, yet post-mortems of the election indicated that the deteriorating economy and the hostage crisis in Iran were more crucial in Carter's defeat. None of that should be taken as evidence that the acrimony generated by Mondale and Hart will not have serious consequences. But just how serious is impossible to predict.

There is some mystery about why the candidates have become so exercised. Political commentators have pointed out that on paper their positions appear much the same. What is interesting is that they are not perceived this way. Each candidate draws support from very different constituent groups within the party. Mondale scores much more heavily with labor and minority groups, while Hart is the clear favorite of young urban professionals and independent voters. Evidently the electorate is seeing this race differently from the experts.

Perhaps the most pertinent question at this juncture is, Which voters are more likely to defect to Reagan if their candidate isn't nominated? Here Hart might have the advantage. It's understandable that the ethnic minorities, the unemployed and marginally employed who have suffered under Reagan would prefer a candidate they think they can depend on. That candidate is more logically Mondale, who has been on the political scene as a liberal/labor ideologue for a considerable time. But would they defect to Reagan if Hart were the Democratic candidate? Probably not. More likely they would realize that Hart, as a member of the party's liberal wing, could be counted on to restore the social programs and benefits that the Reagan Administration has excised.

Hart's supporters, however, are a much more uncertain quantity. Many of them have been identified by political researchers as "independent" voters, which means that though registered as Democrats they don't necessarily vote the straight ticket. In the Hart camp are a large number of voters who came of age during the Vietnam years. They are attracted by Hart's less equivocal opposition to Reagan's foreign policy and by his ideas on how to make American industry more competitive abroad. Since Mondale's foreign policy views have been edging closer to Reagan's, it is less certain that the former Vice President, if nominated, would be able to hold those independent Hart supporters.

GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Gifford Phillips, former publisher and editorial writer of the West Coast magazine Frontier, *was a delegate from California to the Democratic National Convention in 1952, 1956, 1960 and 1964. In 1968 he was a member of the steering committee of Eugene McCarthy's campaign in California.*

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

The Ethics in Government Act is enough to drive a body to drink. It is, as legislation goes, rather clearly worded. Its intent is both definite and reasonable: to prevent high-level government officials from committing crimes and then concealing them. The Reagan-Smith-Meese Justice Department has come to hate this law with a passion, whining that it makes the proper conduct of business impossible and does not really mean what it says. I telephoned the Justice Department recently with a simple query and was met with a brick-thick wall.

"Can you tell me how and when the department will be responding to the Banzhaf-Meyers suit, calling for a special prosecutor in the case of the theft of President Carter's papers?" I asked.

"It's quite impossible for me to comment," said Susan Riley, an attorney in the civil division.

"I wasn't hoping for a comment. I was in search of information and was given your name."

"I can't comment on that." And so on, till we both tired of the sport.

Some hours after the 4 P.M. deadline on April 19, the department got around to filing its reply to the Banzhaf-Meyers motion [see "Minority Report," April 7]. The Administration's motion is slipshod and panicky, and full of unintended admissions.

The last time the Justice Department went to court in this case, it conceded that no constitutional issue is raised by the ethics act. Now, at the last minute, it argues that the appointment of a Debategate special prosecutor "would violate the constitutional separation of powers by intruding upon the law enforcement authority of the Executive Branch." This Nixonian twist is followed by another and another, leaving Justice's attorneys looking like corkscrews and pipe cleaners. They argue, for example, for a stay so that a "preliminary investigation" can be conducted before a special prosecutor is considered. To support their argument, the attorneys cite two ethics act cases—*Nathan* and *Dellums*—in which the department asked a judge to entertain a stay. In *Nathan* (the scandalous Greensboro Klan/Nazi murder case) both sides petitioned for a stay, while in *Dellums* (concerning Federal crimes vis à vis Nicaragua) a stay was denied by a U.S. District Court. Some precedents!

Section 597 of the act plainly states that "whenever a matter is in the prosecutorial jurisdiction of an independent counsel [special prosecutor] or has been accepted by an independent counsel . . . the Department of Justice, the Attorney General, and all other officers and employees of the Department of Justice shall suspend all investigations and proceedings regarding such matter." Since Meese's role in Debategate is already under investigation by an independent counsel as part of a broader inquiry into Meese's affairs, and since the Banzhaf-Meyers motion simply calls for a separate special prosecutor to consider the ramifications of Debategate among other senior Reaganites, it is evident that the time for "preliminary investigation" is long past. The ethics act, maddeningly enough, means what it says.

The Justice Department falls back on another Nixonian defense when it contends, "Citizen suits that seek ethics act enforcement in public courtrooms are incompatible with the Congressional commitment to confidentiality." This reveals the contempt for democracy that pervades Justice's case.

The department disarmingly agrees that "there is no genuine issue as to any material fact in this case." But nowhere does it argue or even discuss the main point, which is simple: If Debategate is cause for a special prosecutor in the case of Meese, why is it not cause for a special prosecutor in its own right? No further procrastination can stop Judge Harold Greene from hearing that argument on April 27 and from ruling on it soon afterward. And the Albosta committee's report, yet again delayed, will nonetheless be released sometime this month.

The evidence amounts to a "smoking gun." The Reaganites tried to fix the last election. Will they be able to avoid judgment long enough to see them through the next one?

* * *

Here is a description of an entire racial group, as offered by Martin Peretz, editor in chief of *The New Republic*. In the May 7 issue of his magazine, he describes a character in a recent play:

> A crazed Arab to be sure, but crazed in the distinctive ways of his culture. He is intoxicated by language, cannot discern between fantasy and reality, abhors compromise, always blames others for his predicament, and in the end lances the painful boil of his frustrations in a pointless, though momentarily gratifying, act of bloodlust.

Ill written as it is, the passage attributes a whole set of unpleasant traits to Arabs *tout court*. As if resolved to clear up any ambiguity in the mind of the reader, Peretz adds that this Arab is "a fictional character, of course, but in the real world it is not he but his 'moderate' brother who is a figment of the imagination."

This removes any suspicion of qualification from the first two sentences. Peretz believes that craziness, intoxication, fantasy, resentment and bloodlust are *distinctive* Arab qualities. The word for this is racialism, almost racialist incitement.

So who cares? Everybody knows, my sober colleagues say, that Peretz is a desperado on this issue. Well, *The New Republic* has lately allowed itself to take a high moral tone about Jesse Jackson and "Hymietown." In *The Washington Post* of April 22, George Will called it "the nation's most interesting and important political journal" because by denouncing Jackson it was "engaged in a lonely battle for the soul of the Democratic Party." I think Jackson should have eaten dust for his remarks and should have repudiated Louis Farrakhan or, better, avoided him in the first place. But who will disown or denounce Peretz's foul tirade, printed in one of the leading journals of American liberalism? Who can claim that such a calculated outburst was merely "overheard," "off the cuff," "off the record" or a joke among cronies?

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ARTICLES.

CHILE HEATS UP

Pinochet Comes Down–Hard

CYNTHIA BROWN

On March 27, after the traditional summer pause, Chile's political new year began with the first monthly national protest of 1984. Mobilized by labor and the various opposition fronts, Chileans in large and small cities banged pots and demonstrated. In Santiago, shops were closed by afternoon and buses did not run, in what resembled a general strike. The day left five dead and hundreds arrested. Chilean politics are back on a collision course, and the strategies of both sides are on the table.

Gen. Augusto Pinochet, who recently told *Newsweek*, "I get my strength from God," relied on more earthly forms of support, including an 8:30 P.M. curfew, preventive detentions and a state of emergency which imposed press censorship. Such aggressive preparedness had not been seen since last August, when 18,000 soldiers were deployed to quell protests in Santiago. But the government was worried more than usual about this national protest, the ninth since last May, because it was universally recognized as a dry run for a general strike, the key to the opposition's strategy.

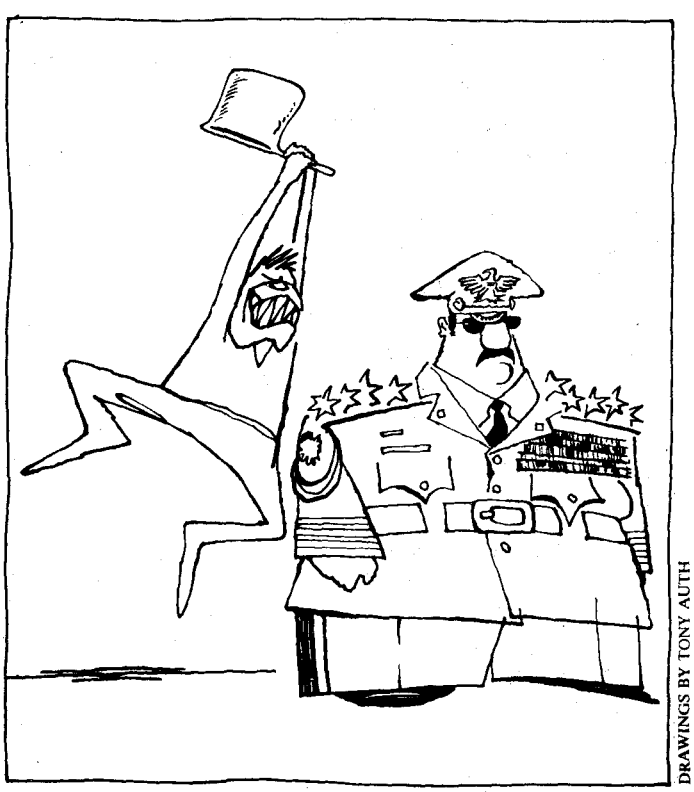
Pinochet's chief goal has been to prevent the unification of the opposition. Accordingly, he has sought to exacerbate differences among the Democratic Alliance (A.D.), led by the Christian Democrats; the Socialist Bloc, comprising the Marxist and Christian parties; and the Democratic Popular Movement (M.D.P.), which includes the Communist Party. He has stepped up repression, particularly against activists of the left, and has kept alive the so-called Jarpa plan, named for Interior Minister Sergio Jarpa. The plan, favored by Washington, was formulated last year as a chimerical *apertura*, or political opening. It asks the opposition to accept Pinochet's continuing rule and to recognize his 1980 Constitution, which permanently bans left-wing parties and ideas, in exchange for early parliamentary elections. By encouraging a center-right alliance that would ignore the left in return for nominal concessions, Pinochet apparently hopes to repeat his success of last September, when the A.D. briefly snapped at his bait and entered into an unpopular "dialogue" with Jarpa [see Brown, "Protest in Chile—The Road Ahead," *The Nation*, December 3, 1983].

Accordingly, on March 11, fourth anniversary of the controlled plebiscite that approved the junta's "protected democracy" Constitution, Pinochet announced the possibility of a new national vote on undisclosed constitutional reforms, presumed to involve the elections. His Defense Minister suggested that periodic plebiscites could become the "democratic" component of government. This time, the A.D. was not biting: it called the 1980 balloting a farce, and the entire opposition rejected both proposals.

The obverse of such legalistic "reform" gestures is the antiterrorism law which the junta is considering. It would permit the secret police—the C.N.I.—to detain persons and raid buildings on the mere suspicion of intent or predisposition to commit any of numerous vaguely defined "terrorist" acts: for example, an act "committed in order to create disruption or serious fear in the population." Military tribunals would have jurisdiction over such cases and could impose the death penalty. If one member of a "subversive" organization is convicted of terrorism, the entire membership could be considered guilty under this law.

The government has also arrested several opposition figures. The M.D.P.'s president, Manuel Almeyda, was imprisoned from February 15 to April 14 for advocating a general strike. Fifteen trade unionists were sent into internal exile in March, and Jorge Lavandero, a prominent Christian Democrat and one of the opposition's more creative activists, was dragged from his car by "unknowns" and beaten nearly to death. On April 7, M.D.P. secretary general Jaime Insunza was put on a plane and sent into exile. More recently, the editor of *Análisis*, an opposition semimonthly, was jailed.

Meanwhile, the police continue their nocturnal harassment raids of poor city neighborhoods, where blackouts have become commonplace. Equally significant, repression of the Catholic Church has intensified in the past six months,



DRAWINGS BY TONY AUTH

Cynthia Brown writes frequently on Latin America for The Nation.

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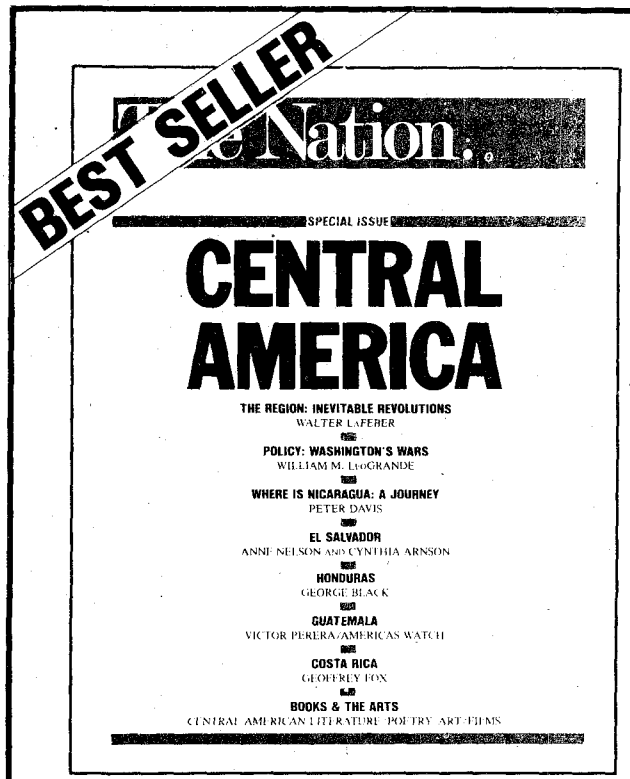

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such that church-state relations are close to the breaking point. More "unknowns," using names like Commandos to Cleanse the Church, have scrawled anti-Marxist slogans on religious buildings and vandalized local churches. Last November the press carried reports of a bizarre "appearance" of the Virgin Mary hovering above the town of Villa Alemana, some sixty miles west of Santiago. A young man claiming to be an intermediary said he had received the Holy Mother's message that "priests have taken the wrong road—God disapproves of social activism."

In March, Pinochet accused priests of fomenting subversion. And for the first three months of the year the government was locked in a standoff with the Vatican about whether four fugitives who had taken sanctuary in the Papal Nuncio's office would be guaranteed safe conduct into exile. The office was cordoned off by police, and the Nuncio was treated with minimum official courtesy. Church-state tensions have given rise to incidents like the arrest of lay worker Juan Lazo, who was falsely accused of assassinating a secret-police informer, subjected to electric shocks and then released, temporarily paralyzed. The C.N.I. explained there had been a "mistake."

Despite such measures the opposition continues to gain ground, in part through its organizing efforts, in part because the government is showing wear and tear. Pinochet is, for example, touched personally by scandal for the first time in his ten-year regime. As construction ends on his House of the Presidents, a virtual bunker set in the Santiago foothills, news of its $13 million cost has finally reached the general public. Jorge Lavandero was reportedly preparing to publish information on another Pinochet property when he was ambushed. The expenditure of state funds on luxuries for government officials offends Chile's political traditions, quite apart from its obscenity at a time when bankruptcies are at epidemic proportions, unemployment is around 30 percent and hunger is widespread—the disastrous result of the junta's Chicago-school economic policies. The press recently exposed some shady business dealings by two close relatives of Pinochet, reinforcing the regime's corrupt image.

Indeed it is evident that corruption infests much of the government. Two former economic officials have been indicted for financial misconduct. And in jail for similar reasons are many heads of large consortia that profited wildly from speculation during Chile's 1977-80 economic boom [see Brown, "The High Cost of Monetarism in Chile," *The Nation*, September 27, 1980]. Such developments have hurt Pinochet among professionals, merchants and owners of medium-size businesses. What the conservative weekly *Que Pasa* has called "total misgovernment" is driving Chile's respectable burghers to think seriously about a change. Their participation in the March 27 protest gave the opposition a boost, and their support is crucial to the success of a general strike.

Both sides are courting this sector energetically. The government plays on its anticommunist sentiments with propaganda like the alleged discovery of a "Red March" plan for violence during the day of protest. In this context the anti-

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terrorism law takes on its full psychological meaning as an excuse for escalating rhetoric. Complicating the opposition's pitch is a recent rash of bombings. Some of those—of power lines leading into slums, for example—are widely suspected to be C.N.I. actions. But responsibility for others, against state property, has been claimed by leftist "brigades" linked to several parties. The use of tactical violence is a source of serious debate within the anti-Pinochet forces and is one of the issues preventing overall agreement.

Nevertheless, the opposition has demonstrated its ability to cooperate in specific situations—notably, the monthly protests that began last May. Each protest has been larger than the last, and they have remained nonviolent despite constant harassment by security forces. But a year has passed since the first one; facing intense repression and a still-united military, the opposition is challenged to keep morale up and broaden its pressure.

Hence plans for a general strike in May or June. Police prevented labor leaders from meeting in mid-April to set a strike date, but an announcement is nevertheless expected shortly. And other strikes and slowdowns will probably follow, as part of a campaign to make Chile ungovernable. While the government puts out feelers for a new "dialogue," opposition spokesmen counter the Pinochet-Jarpa strategy by emphasizing unity—within labor, among the opposition, across class lines. Rodolfo Seguel, head of the National Workers Command, has stated that this will be a crucial period. He told an opposition newspaper recently, "To lead today's struggle we must work at the base without exclusion of any kind. To the extent we increase unitary action, we can succeed." □

RETURN OF THE RED SQUADS

Police Spies in the City of the Angels

DAVE LINDORFF

One morning in March I got a check for $2,600 in the mail. It was made out by the American Civil Liberties Union's Southern California affiliate, but the money actually came from the Los Angeles city treasury: my share of a court settlement for damages resulting from years of spying by the Los Angeles Police Department's ubiquitous and once-invisible Red squad.

On February 22 the police, represented by Attorney General William French Smith's old law firm, Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher, agreed to settle the six-year-old case out of court for $1.8 million. It was the largest settlement in a

Dave Lindorff, a freelance journalist and member of the National Writers Union, intends to use his damage award to subsidize his writing of articles about government spying activities.

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'WERE THE ROSENBERGS FRAMED?'

This historic debate, which was sponsored by The Nation and The New Republic at New York City's Town Hall last October 20th, has been described as "a political-literary brawl" (Los Angeles Times), at which "a cheering, jeering crowd of 1,500 followed every jab in a fight over history" (The Washington Post).

The main participants in the debate were: Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir, authors, Invitation to an Inquest; Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, authors, and Sol Stern, research assistant, The Rosenberg File: A Search for the Truth; and Elizabeth Holtzman, moderator. There were also questions and comments from Michael Meeropol, Morton Sobell, Marshall Perlin, James Weinstein, Victor Navasky and others.

A complete record of this extraordinary event can now be purchased in transcript or cassette. Transcripts are available for $24 each; cassettes are $19 each. There are special discounts on orders of five or more. Send check or money order, payable to The Nation, to: "Rosenbergs," The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (a project of The Nation Institute).

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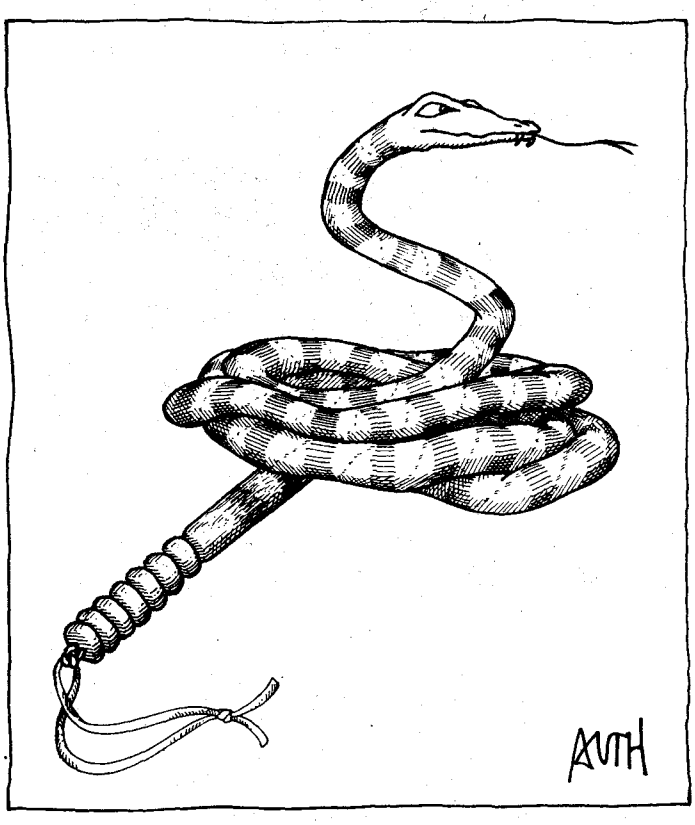
decadelong string of lawsuits against municipal Red squads across the country; more important, it produced what the A.C.L.U. termed "the most significant step nationally in creating really rigorous controls on police intelligence gathering." The controls set out in the Los Angeles agreement require the police to obtain advance approval for any future intelligence activity from a five-member civilian police commission appointed by the mayor, which also has free rein to audit such activity later.

The 144 plaintiffs included leftist activists, journalists like me, critics of the police, and organizations like the First Unitarian Church, the American Indian Movement, the National Lawyers Guild and La Raza Unida Party. All had at some point been spied on or infiltrated by undercover cops from the L.A.P.D.'s Public Disorder Intelligence Division. (Last August the P.D.I.D. disbanded and was immediately replaced by the Anti-Terrorist Division, which is run by the same officers and much of the old staff.) Some had been victims of Cointelpro-style disruption and manipulation.

In my case, an undercover cop, Connie Milazzo, was sent in 1976 to join the staff of the *Los Angeles Vanguard*, a now-defunct alternative weekly newspaper of which I was an editor and part owner. Under oath she admitted that she had posed as a volunteer reporter to learn our sources for articles that dealt with or were of interest to the police. Milazzo never got a story published in the *Vanguard*—her writing was atrocious—but in addition to wasting precious editorial time in discussions of her assignment, she was, to the best recollection of the three editors, present at several of the paper's editorial meetings, where sources and stories for future issues were discussed and at which every staff member, paid or volunteer, had a vote. That intrusion alone violated the First Amendment to a degree that Paul Hoffman, lead A.C.L.U. attorney in the case, called "unprecedented."



During the discovery process in the case, as the A.C.L.U. pried loose more than 10,000 pages of raw police files and intelligence summaries, it became clear that in Los Angeles no one was safe from the eyes, and all too often the manipulation, of undercover police agents. (One example: a P.D.I.D. spy insinuated himself into the Revolutionary Communist Party and, with the direct approval of department chiefs, moved in with a female leader, pretending to be her lover.) The files prove that the spies reported less on terrorist groups, as the Police Department first claimed, than on law-abiding citizens with whom it disagreed. And celebrity was no protection. Targets of spying included City Council members, state and Federal judges, Mayor Tom Bradley, members of the police commission supposedly in charge of the department and even the city attorneys assigned to represent the police.

The case provides a clear warning that government spying against American citizens has not stopped. Documents show that police intrusions continued at least until December 1982, when an informer attended the A.C.L.U.'s Bill of Rights Dinner. In 1983 the Public Disorder Intelligence Division had sixty-one employees and a reported budget of $2.2 million—all of which produced not a single criminal conviction. Still, according to some of the plaintiffs, neither this abysmal record nor the precedent-setting controls the police agreed to in February are likely to stop the spying. As one plaintiff said: "The documents showed that every time the police commission drew up stricter guidelines, Chief Daryl Gates 'interpreted' them in a way that let him violate them; so I'm sure they'll just continue to violate them. It's just a game to them." There is no reason to assume that police departments across the country aren't doing the same thing. In Memphis, where the first of such Red squad court settlements was reached in 1976, the police went ahead and sent spies to a Democratic Party miniconvention there two years later.

Perhaps the most important result of the Los Angeles case is yet to come. In the course of discovery, the A.C.L.U. learned that the department had let some P.D.I.D. officers remove intelligence files to their cars or homes. Since the department had been ordered to turn over those materials to the court or destroy them, the county District Attorney, Robert Philibosian, began an investigation. He discovered that one officer, Jay Paul, had a garage full of P.D.I.D. files. Embarrassed, the Police Department opened its own probe into the matter. Paul, who claims he had full authorization for his activities (a claim later supported by sworn testimony from several of his direct superiors), reported that he had been computerizing his data and providing it to Western Goals, a right-wing foundation established in 1979 by the late Representative Larry McDonald. (McDonald had once headed the John Birch Society.)

According to publicity literature circulated by the organization, Western Goals is the "first and only public

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foundation . . . to fill the critical gap caused by the crippling of the F.B.I., the disabling of the House Committee on Un-American Activities and the destruction of crucial government files." Western Goals, the brochure continues, had developed a computerized "internal security" file that was "just a push of a button away from our veteran analysts who will continue to work closely with the official agencies in charge of our protection." In its rather grudging investigation of Paul, Philibosian's office learned that the foundation had done just that. Later Philibosian obtained ninety-nine floppy disks and a computer tape from Western Goals, all loaded with names and information, much of it provided by police. The A.C.L.U., which gained access to the material over the District Attorney's objections only days before the settlement was reached, says it is probably the tip of the iceberg, as it is organized in the form of an index.

On April 18, with the help of $100,000 in attorneys' fees won from the Police Department, the A.C.L.U. brought a suit against Western Goals, alleging that the foundation's files were illegally obtained and used. Through this suit, which seeks a court order ending Western Goals' spying activities, an auditing of its files and monetary damages for the plaintiffs, the A.C.L.U. hopes to discover the degree to which police intelligence is disseminated to private data banks and the extent of private intelligence gathering in the United States. It appears, from testimony in the Jay Paul case, that Western Goals also got information from private corporations such as Exxon and Security Pacific Bank, which in turn used the P.D.I.D. like a private security service.

"The Western Goals files are unbelievably complete," says A.C.L.U. spokesman Michael Balter, who is cataloguing the several thousand pages of file printouts to determine who was targeted. "It's really a kind of *Who's Who* of almost every left-of-center politician, celebrity, activist or religious person in the country." Among the named plaintiffs in the lawsuit are the American Friends Service Committee, the National Gay Task Force, musician Jackson Browne, actors Richard Dreyfuss and Mike Farrell, and *The Nation*'s publisher, Hamilton Fish 3d. The A.C.L.U. hopes to devise a system for informing those on the list, but to protect their privacy it will not release names to the press. "It will be something like getting your F.B.I. file," says Balter, "only hopefully much faster." (Because the L.A.P.D. is seeking to block the release of some of the information, it is unclear how or when the list will be made available.)

One other aspect of the Los Angeles case ought to be mentioned: the White House connection. Spying by the L.A.P.D. dates at least to the Red scare days of the 1920s. But evidence shows that intelligence activity increased dramatically in the late 1960s and early 1970s, at the urging of then Gov. Ronald Reagan and his adviser Edwin Meese 3d.

From 1968 through 1971, Governor Reagan sponsored a series of "domestic war games" called Operation Cable Splicer. Under the secret program, exposed in 1975 by jour-

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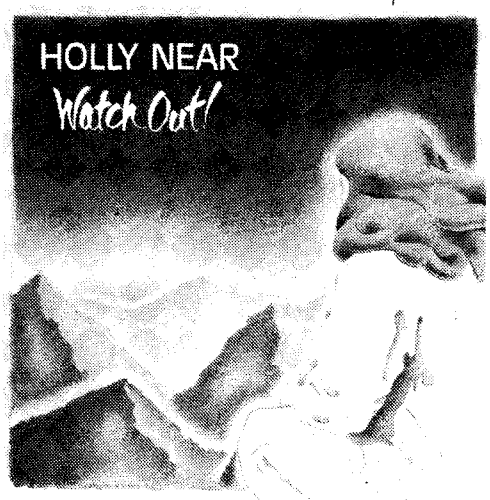

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nalist Ron Ridenhour, the Sixth Continental U.S. Army, the California National Guard and local police practiced establishing martial law in the state. Among the documents Ridenhour obtained was a transcript of a speech Meese had made to assembled police, National Guard, Pentagon, Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, F.B.I. and intelligence agency officials after one of their exercises. In summarizing the lessons of the war games, he said:

> Finally, we need to improve our ability in the investigation, identification and prosecution of those, particularly the leaders, who are responsible for the revolutionary activity in our state. We have to have even more maximum photography, maximum evidence-gathering by officers who are involved in actual control activity so they can be free, utilizing detectives and others that normally do not get suited up for the conflict, utilizing them as much as possible in gathering evidence so that we can successfully prosecute those who are raging the conflict on the campuses and in the streets.

At that gathering were a number of key L.A.P.D. intelligence officers, including inspector John A. McAllister, who told the group:

> The only way to stifle the revolutionary movement is to deny the movement leadership by arrest and prosecution of their leaders. This requires intelligence capabilities, to know what is going to happen and where and when, and have police officers undercover in a position to observe the activities of revolutionary leaders in the planning and execution of the action.

McAllister, now retired, became a deputy chief of the Police Department shortly thereafter, and as the documents obtained from the P.D.I.D. make clear, his words became doctrine.

The record suggests that the Los Angeles Police Department's spying activity is precisely the kind of thing Reagan and Meese want to see the Federal government doing. The Senate hearings into Meese's nomination for Attorney General could have provided an excellent forum for probing into his role in Operation Cable Splicer and into the government's current domestic spying activities. Although other journalists and I made the Cable Splicer record known to Judiciary Committee aides to Senators Edward Kennedy and Howard Metzenbaum, neither Senator raised the issue, preferring to dwell on Meese's financial shenanigans and political cronyism.

Meanwhile, plaintiffs in Los Angeles are acting to put their settlements to good use. Several organizations plan to include at the bottom of their literature words to this effect: "Financed in part by an unintended grant from the L.A.P.D." A defense fund may be established to combat police shootings of unarmed civilians, and one plaintiff plans to spend a year in Nicaragua courtesy of the police "to work for the [Sandinista] government in whatever capacity they ask me to."

Police Chief Gates may not feel overly constrained by the court order governing his intelligence activities, but he must be galled knowing that the department is funding everything from a legal assault on Western Goals to anti-imperialist activity in Managua. □

LETTER FROM EUROPE

Schools, Sculptors And Spring Fools

DANIEL SINGER

Paris

March 4. Hundreds of thousands of French citizens are marching today to defend "educational freedom"—that is, uncontrolled state subsidies for private Catholic schools. They cleverly present the idea of *l'école laïque*, a public school with equality for all, as nightmarish *1984*, the symbol of the oppressive state stifling civil society. And where are the protesters marching? In Versailles. Ever since the Commune of Paris, the Versaillais have been known as the men of the massacre—the greedy, frightened and finally bloodthirsty executioners of the workers of Paris. Today they parade as the champions of freedom. How is that possible? Why is it credible? Quite simply, because in France political freedom is again confused with the freedom of the market.

The school issue is not an isolated case. Consider the response to the revival of a law designed to prevent press lords from obtaining a monopoly on national newspapers. Passed after World War II and being brought up to date, the law's main target is Robert Hersant, the French Murdoch, who was abjectly pro-Nazi during the occupation. Hersant is now miraculously presented by the right as a martyr of freedom; the Socialist government as the chief enemy of liberty. Why? Because the former no longer stands for the crooked defense of private property but for "civil society," while the latter stands for the overwhelming Leviathan, a state as metaphysical and undefined as civil society itself.

The government's clumsy propaganda has contributed to the change in climate. The Socialists have never given the impression that they stand wholeheartedly behind the effort to restore the stature of public schools. The press law looks too obviously tailored to check Hersant, whose papers happen to be passionately committed to the opposition. But the reasons go much deeper. When a Socialist President and his ministers praise private enterprise not as a temporary necessity but as a virtue in itself, when supposedly leftist papers (*Nouvel Observateur* is a good example) repeat time and again that the market is the only rampart of freedom, why shouldn't people begin to believe that interference with Hersant leads ultimately to *samizdat* or that subsidies for private schools are indispensable to avoid Stalinist education? When you preach irrational premises, why should people draw rational conclusions?

A few years ago you could hear in Paris the theme drawn from Brecht's *Threepenny Opera*: The time of small thieves is over; we have entered the era of robber barons. What is it robbing a bank, compared with setting up a bank? Today

Daniel Singer is The Nation*'s European correspondent.*

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you can read in *Le Monde* a professor's earnest argument that "the worst outlaw is the one who breaks the laws of the market." So what? Newspapers are allowed to publish fools, and a professorship has never guaranteed wisdom. The snag is that the same sentence could figure in a "leftist" editorial or a speech by Jacques Delors, the Minister of Finance. Indeed, its sentiment lies at the heart of Mitterrand's policy. If the left is what it is, why should one wonder about the disarray of the French people and the triumph of the Versaillais . . .

March 17. Simone Veil, former president of the European Parliament, has a good liberal reputation. That is why the followers of Giscard and the Gaullists behind Chirac picked her to head the list of the United Right in the election to Europe's assembly, to be held in mid-June in all Common Market countries. Presenting the list today, Veil felt compelled to justify the inclusion of Robert Hersant on it. There is something sinister in that match. During the last war Veil, a Jew and a resister, was deported to a concentration camp; Hersant, a Jew-baiter, was a vociferous admirer of the Nazis. (To remind its readers of his past as a collaborator, *Le Canard Enchaîné* usually misspells his name as Herr Sant.) Why does he want a seat in the European Parliament? Because it will provide him with immunity from prosecution under the revitalized press law. He has been breaking that law for years. As boss of *Le Figaro, France-Soir* and a host of provincial papers, Herr Sant is the pre-eminent spokesman for "freedom" and the scourge of the "Reds." Which explains Simone Veil's euphemistic remark about Hersant that "all Frenchmen had not been resisters or heroes." What's that saying attributed to Tory Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin? "I'd rather be an opportunist and float than go to the bottom with my principles around my neck."

April 2. It's difficult to keep up with all the shows here. At the Pompidou Center, that brightly painted refinery in the heart of Paris, the post-impressionist Bonnard has replaced Balthus, but the exhibition arousing probably the greatest interest is that of sculptor Camille Claudel, at the Rodin Museum. The reason is both artistic and social. At the turn of the century Claudel was one of France's most gifted sculptors. When she died, in 1943, she was nearly 80, but she had spent the previous thirty years a prisoner, confined to a lunatic asylum.

The Rodin Museum is a small palace in a big park, where you can see such famous statues as "The Thinker" or "Balzac" in open air. The setting is appropriate for this show because Auguste Rodin played a crucial role in Camille Claudel's life. In 1883, when they met, Claudel was 19, very attractive and already an accomplished sculptor. Rodin was more than twice her age and at last a recognized master. In quick succession Claudel became his pupil, model, lover and close collaborator (contributing greatly, for instance, to his "Burghers of Calais"). Though clearly influenced by Rodin, Claudel was his artistic match (her "Surrender" comparing favorably to his celebrated "Kiss"). Luminaries like composer Claude Debussy and some of the finer critics admired her work, but it brought her little recognition or financial reward.

The passionate relationship with Rodin soured in time. Claudel was hurt by his refusal to leave Rose Beuret, his ex-model and companion. In an attempt to escape Rodin's artistic spell, Claudel shifted her style, first to expressive miniatures and later to more academic forms. She also expressed her jealousy crudely in drawings and metaphorically in sculptures. (One of her best-known works, "Ripe Age," or "Destiny," shows an aging man burdened with an elderly woman, turning his back on a younger woman, who is kneeling with arms outstretched to him.)

The break did leave wounds. Early in the century Claudel began destroying her works, reportedly because of her fears that Rodin would steal them. According to her brother she was living alone "with shutters drawn . . . coming out only in the morning to buy her miserable pittance." In 1913, soon after her father died, her family, apparently for no other reason, exiled her to living death in the asylum.

Rodin, who sent Claudel some money once or twice and died four years after her confinement, does not come off

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too well in this story, though better than Claudel's family, especially her younger brother, Paul. Now, Paul Claudel was a distinguished diplomat; but more important, he was France's greatest Catholic poet and playwright, the author of *Satin Slipper* and *The Tidings Brought to Mary*. This pillar of Catholic orthodoxy was mainly responsible for setting his sister's life sentence. When family papers are finally published, they may provide scope for psychoanalysis, and possibly some attenuating circumstances.

The sister will in any case remain the victim. Beautiful and bold, Camille Claudel had dared to defy her times, living, loving and creating as she wished. As soon as they could, family and society took their revenge. No wonder her story is arousing feminist passion and general sympathy. Her sculptures are also finally receiving the attention they deserve. Should you come to France before mid-June you will see them in Paris; afterward, until mid-September, you will have to go down to Poitiers.

April 4. Mitterrand's press conference, smooth as usual. Two novelties: it was held in a restaurant instead of the Elysée Palace, and he performed standing (American influence, said those in the know). The President didn't use the word "socialist" once, and the premise underlying his presentation was that there can be no other logic than the one prevailing in the capitalist world.

There was one significant piece of news. Mitterrand recommended that the so-called free radio stations soon be allowed to carry some advertising. Until the victory of the left, the state had a monopoly on broadcasting. It owned the public radio stations and had a controlling interest in the "peripheral" commercial stations, whose transmitters are located just outside French frontiers. Given that situation, the pirate stations that began emerging in the late 1970s were welcomed as a refreshing alternative. France discovered its equivalent of Pacifica, the iconoclastic *radios libres*.

Banned by Giscard, they proliferated after 1981, and the government had to impose some order to prevent total cacophony. In 1983 broadcasting permits and small subsidies were granted to about 900 stations all over France—more than twenty in Paris alone. Since the newcomers can't live solely on the subsidies, some have survived marginally through voluntary work and contributions, others got funds from unauthorized advertising or from investors. The law allowing commercials is thus designed to fit facts rather than fiction.

Is this the thin edge of the wedge? Will sponsors soon be ruling French airwaves? Probably not immediately, since the law is bound to limit advertising one way or another. In any case, my purpose is not to judge Mitterrand's proposal but to draw attention to the fact that in France, as in the United States, unless some radical break is made, the alternative to the power of the state is the naked power of money. Freedom, somehow, is coupled with commerce, and equality means that neither the Baron de Rothschild nor the *clochard* is allowed to sleep under the bridges on the Seine.

Old hat? Granted. The tragedy is that the seemingly obvious has to be explained all over again. One would have thought that with the economic crisis spreading around the world, the inexorable logic of capitalism, concealed for a time, would be plain to see in all its horror. Take just a few recent examples. The European Ministers of Agriculture have managed after much bargaining to lower the targets for milk output. On their agenda: the problem of butter mountains—glut, to put it bluntly—overproduction in a starving world. And what did Mitterrand talk about at his press conference? The steel crisis, the closing down of the most up-to-date plants. Clearly our extraordinary technological inventiveness in reducing working time does not foreshadow the gradual blurring of the line between labor and leisure; no, it spells the misery of mass unemployment. And this is the moment our pundits choose to yell that capitalist logic is the one and only. If you don't believe it, you are either a dinosaur or a secret admirer of the gulag. Worst of all, they get away with it.

My father used to divide fools into spring and winter varieties. Spring fools carry their silliness like a banner. As soon as they enter a room, you know with whom you are dealing. Winter fools hide under camouflage. Only when they have taken off their overcoats, scarves, gloves and jackets do you perceive their nature. I thought capitalism was by now as obvious as a spring fool. I was wrong. We have to keep stripping it, layer by layer, while highly paid tailors are dressing it up in fashionable clothing. A Sisyphean task? Though it may occasionally feel like one, it can't be. □

ROLLING THE UNIONS ON

A New Generation Of Labor Leftists

STEVE EARLY

The Big Chill offers Hollywood's reassuring version of what happened to the 1960s radicals. The former student activists depicted in the film have straightened out and returned to the comfortable mainstream of American life, where they busily pursue money and success.

In real life, of course, thousands of veterans of the civil rights, antiwar, feminist and other community-based movements of the era remain politically active. A large proportion of them have rejected their middle- or upper-middle-class origins and have spent the past decade working in the labor movement. That little-noticed transition has established the largest radical presence in the unions since the 1930s, when cadres from the Communist Party and other left-wing groups played a prominent role in the drive to organize industrial workers.

Steve Early is a labor journalist and lawyer active in the union movement.

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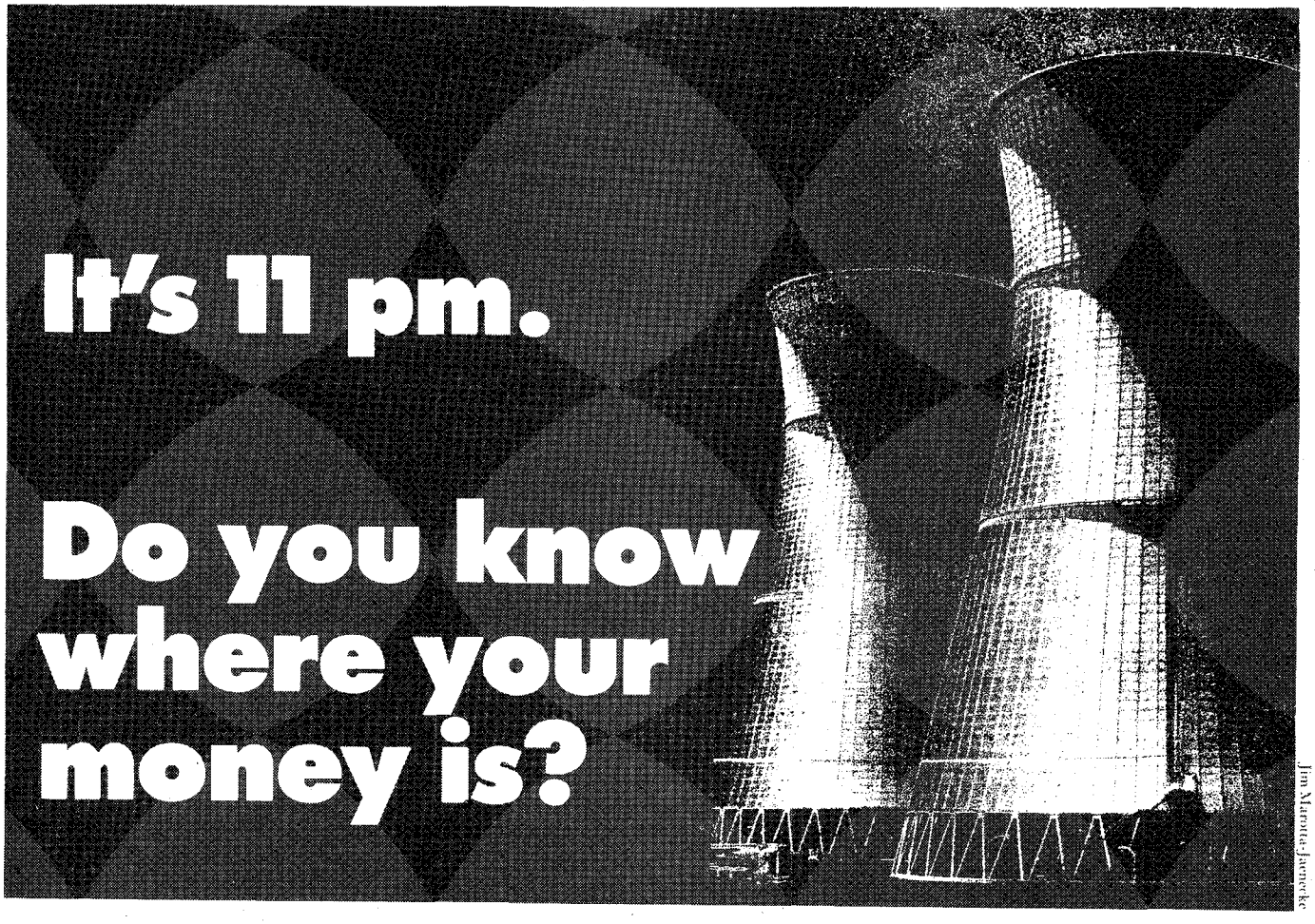

Jim Marotta-Jaenicke

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As in the 1930s, many of today's labor radicals are working as organizers, negotiators, newspaper editors, lawyers, researchers and lobbyists. Those who pursue careers in teaching, health care and other human welfare professions have become rank-and-file activists and local leaders in the public employee and service unions. Still others took blue-collar jobs in basic industry in the early 1970s to serve as "colonizers" for a variety of Marxist-Leninist or Maoist groups. Although most of those political organizations later faded from the scene, many of their most effective organizers continue to participate in union affairs as "independent leftists."

In the last decade, such activists have been in the forefront of drives to push unions in a more progressive direction and to encourage labor to adopt more militant tactics and strategies. Following passage of the 1970 Federal job-safety and health law, for example, union radicals were instrumental in setting up a nationwide network of local Coalitions on Occupational Safety and Health, which have spearheaded grass-roots fights against workplace hazards and encouraged national unions to become more active in protecting their members. What had been a political vacuum in the field of labor education has been increasingly filled by left-initiated groups like the Institute for Labor Education and Research and Workers Educational Local 189, a national organization of educators and activists from community colleges, state university labor studies programs and union education departments.

In the mid-1970s, leftists in key staff positions brokered alliances between liberal unions like the Service Employees International or the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers and antinuclear, tax reform and consumer organizations. Radicals have been the most active organizers of coalitions, campaigns, conferences and research projects dealing with the problems of unemployed workers, plant closings, contract concessions and new technology. They have been prominent in the reform movements within the United Mine Workers, United Steelworkers, International Brotherhood of Teamsters and other unions. The feminists and former civil rights activists among them have also been labor's most outspoken advocates of affirmative action and minority hiring, comparable-worth pay scales and new approaches to organizing in predominantly female occupations or nonwhite workplaces. And labor leftists are uniting around the issue that radicalized most of them in the first place: American militarism and intervention abroad. Through the nuclear freeze campaign, Jobs With Peace and the National Labor Committee in Support of Democracy and Human Rights in El Salvador, they are trying to mobilize opposition to increased military spending, the arms race and U.S. intervention in Central America.

Leftist activity in those areas has not gone unnoticed by labor leaders, who regard it as a challenge to established A.F.L.-C.I.O. policy. In a 1979 speech, American Federation of Teachers president Albert Shanker sounded the alarm against "significant infiltration" of the labor movement by "political left-wing groups." Shanker warned that "primitive Marxist class solidarity about economic issues . . . becomes very appealing" at a time of increased antiunion activity by management. In the heat of reform struggles conservative trade unionists have frequently denounced leftists as "outsiders" who are trying to take over.

Such charges reflect leadership concern about rank-and-file receptivity to ideas hardly alien to organized labor: membership involvement, picket-line militancy, shop-floor protests, solidarity among unions and political activism. The purge of working-class radicals during the McCarthy period wiped out many of the more militant traditions and practices of American unions, along with most of the left-wing leadership. Those who carry on the traditions often come from non-working-class backgrounds, but their activist approach is rooted in a long history of attempts to revive the original crusading spirit and rank-and-file orientation of the labor movement.

For all their impressive involvement in single-issue campaigns and growing influence in a number of union locals, many young activists express concern about the lack of a long-term strategy and a political framework that would support them and give larger meaning to their day-to-day work. In contrast to the 1930s and 1940s, when many trade union radicals took their lead—for better or worse—from a disciplined, centralized organization like the Communist Party, today many work in political isolation. Even those who have ties to national radical organizations are rarely able to combine socialist politics with their trade union involvement.

Most New Leftists who entered the labor movement had hoped to win converts to socialism. But where radicals have been most successful in building a rank-and-file base, it has often been through downplaying their politics and winning acceptance on the basis of their performance as dedicated and effective trade unionists.

For example, supporters of the International Socialists (I.S.)—a small group with a handful of members long active in the dissident Teamsters for a Democratic Union (T.D.U.)—have successfully survived years of Red-baiting by the union leadership and played an influential role by subordinating I.S. goals to the cause of reform. In the mid-1970s I.S. members actively tried to recruit teamsters into the I.S. Few apolitical rank-and-file activists were ever persuaded to join, and those who did rarely remained members for long. Meanwhile, the group's open proselytizing, which included distribution of its newspaper, *Workers' Power*, at teamster meetings made it an easy target for smear campaigns, which hampered the reform efforts.

As a result the I.S. developed a less overtly political style of organizing. Instead of pushing *Workers' Power* they handed out *Reader's Digest* reprints extolling T.D.U.'s courageous fight against gangsterism and corruption in the union. I.S. members active in T.D.U. chapters began wearing teamster jackets adorned with American flag patches and abandoned discussions on such favorite topics of the time as revolution in Portugal. After much hard organizing, I.S. members and other radicals were accepted in the

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reform movement and tolerated in teamster locals.

Unlike many other left-initiated "rank-and-file caucuses," which tended to be fronts for the political organizations behind them, T.D.U. became a genuine mass organization. But the quid pro quo for its popularity and legitimacy among rank-and-filers continues to be an agenda limited to teamster corruption, working conditions, union democracy, contract negotiations, grievance handling and the administration of benefit funds. All other issues are avoided as being "too political."

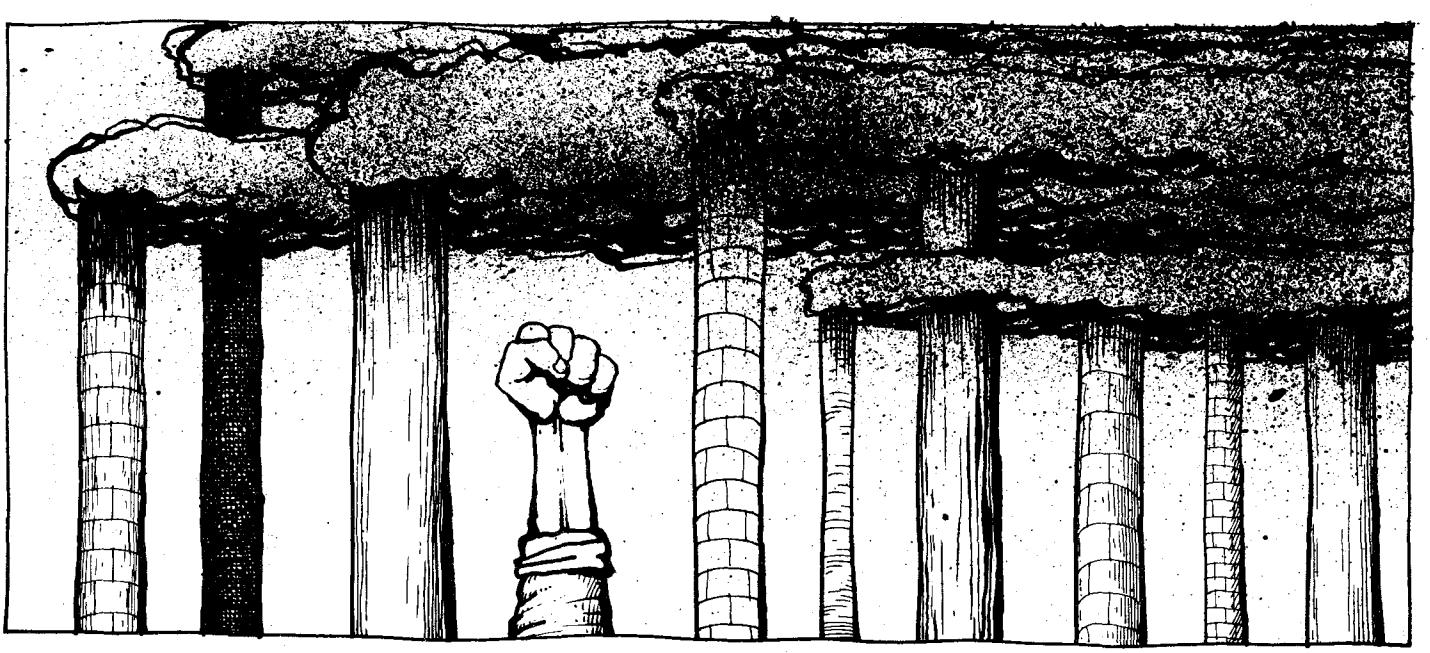
The experience of radicals in other blue-collar unions has been similar. When one radical activist in the United Mine Workers took a job in a southern West Virginia coal mine in the early 1970s, his political views quickly earned him the nickname Fidel. To quash such aspersions he distanced himself from his fellow colonizers. After years of dedicated service as his local's safety committeeman, and having assimilated into the community, he was twice elected president of the local—a feat for an "outsider" in xenophobic Appalachia. But when family reasons forced him to move from the coalfields after almost ten years as a miner, few if any of his friends, neighbors and co-workers knew he was a socialist. For "Fidel," survival and success in union politics carried a price. He never left the closet and so he had no chance to persuade his fellow miners that leftists and their ideas are not what the Red-baiters say they are. His political impact—his effective trade union work notwithstanding—was almost nil.

Elsewhere, it has often been the same story: leftists have achieved positions of individual and organizational influence only by trimming their ideological sails. That has contributed to a welcome decline in the sectarianism which made cooperation among labor radicals much more difficult a few years ago. But one negative aspect is the tendency among some leftists—particularly those holding union office or staff jobs—to make their peace with the labor hierarchy and moderate their politics to the point where their political stances become indistinguishable from those of any other elected or appointed union representatives.

The Democratic Socialists of America (D.S.A.) is virtually the only sizable leftist organization whose unionist members openly proclaim their socialist affiliation. But many of those activists do so from the security of staff positions in the more liberal unions and under the mantle of legitimacy the D.S.A. has acquired because machinists' president William Winpisinger and a few other top union officials belong to it. Other labor radicals, including many who disdain the D.S.A. for its social-democratic leanings and its cultivation of "labor bureaucrats," are reluctant to own up publicly to any label besides that of progressive trade unionist. In the absence of viable forms of independent political action by labor in the electoral arena at the national level, both avowed socialists and "progressives" find themselves under considerable pressure to support conventional union-backed political ventures like the Mondale campaign. One unionist, a former member of Students for a Democratic Society, observes, "Some of the same people who took to the streets in 1968 to 'Dump the Hump' are now ringing doorbells, making phone calls and rallying union members for a Presidential candidate who's nothing more than Hubert Humphrey warmed over."

One promising antidote to the co-optation and political isolation of union radicals is their involvement in loose national and local networks which have formed to defend the labor movement against the most serious employer attacks in fifty years. One such grouping centers around a lively five-year-old newsletter called "Labor Notes," which has a circulation of 4,000 rank-and-filers, stewards, local officers and national staffs around the country. "Labor Notes" and other publications of the Detroit-based Labor Education and Research Project (LERP) provide detailed coverage of strikes, organizing drives, election campaigns, the trend toward concessions in bargaining, and other labor relations developments.

Two successful national "Labor Notes" conferences, at-



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tended by more than 1,300 activists, inspired coordinated organizing efforts among unemployed workers and helped mobilize opposition to contract concessions in several major unions. A third national gathering is planned for June as part of a LERP-sponsored campaign to create more effective strike-support groups around the country to avert defeats such as those unions suffered in the Greyhound and PATCO walkouts.

A LERP organizer admits that the "left trade union milieu" that supports "Labor Notes"—and two smaller, old-left-oriented publications called "Labor Today" and "Economic Notes"—"does not yet represent a coherent political trend in American unions." It has not produced a unified, long-term strategy. But the very existence of a national network of experienced radical activists who understand the problems unions face and who can offer and implement alternative solutions is a sign of progress. "The position of the left ten years ago was almost purely agitational—standing around outside plant gates leafleting and handing out radical newspapers," says a radical historian who teaches in a labor studies program. "Today, many people are in a position to do political education and organizing in a more organic and institutional way inside a number of unions."

The biggest challenge facing leftists in the labor movement is translating successful trade union "base-building" to greater working-class support for basic changes in the country's social and economic structure. The widespread failure of the New Left's initial socialist recruitment efforts is usually attributed to what one activist calls "our overestimation of the potential for immediate political gains from trade union work." In the course of such work, though, a fruitful interchange—and sometimes a rank-and-file awakening—has developed where college-educated radicals have established strong ties with indigenous working-class militants. The next phase of that relationship should not be postponed in the expectation that four more years of Reagan-backed unionbusting or eventual rank-and-file disillusionment with the inevitable broken promises of a Democratic Administration will lead automatically to greater radicalization of labor. It took conscious action and in many cases organizational commitment for New Leftists to enter the ranks of labor and play the role they have. It will take additional bold initiatives to expand their following and political influence in the years to come. □

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Democrats

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

premise that NATO should remain a centerpiece of U.S. foreign policy. More careful analysis supports the view that NATO's superior weaponry and the unreliability of the Eastern bloc's larger military forces have established, for now, an approximate balance of conventional forces in Europe. Even such hardheaded defense analysts as Barry Posen and Stephen Van Evera have reached that conclusion, in a Summer 1983 *International Security* article titled "Defense Policy and the Reagan Administration: Departure from Containment." Yet the candidates for the Democratic nomination are too timid to reveal any willingness to rethink some fundamental aspects of U.S. foreign policy.

And with good reason. In the past, Presidential aspirants who even hinted at such questioning—Harold Hughes, Fred Harris, Eugene McCarthy, George McGovern and Jerry Brown—were discredited and effectively destroyed as national political leaders. Victims of subtle but assured media assassination, they were deprived of "credibility" by the reigning network of Pentagon and C.I.A. experts in and out of government, TV anchors, editorial writers for the influential newspapers and weeklies, and prestigious intellectuals, who together set the terms of debate. That "invisible government" shapes and stifles the competition for political office by policing the boundaries of "reasonable" dissent, a code for political discussion that does not threaten the permanent bureaucracy's control over national security policy.

To make it, politicians must be sensitive to that monitoring framework. Those who are not are sent to the gulag of lost credibility, generally via innuendo. They are accused of not grasping the complexities, of failing to understand the Soviet threat or, even more vaguely, of being "idealistic" or "naïve," lacking the toughness required to play the big game of geopolitical hardball. In that regard Mondale and Hart are clearly winners, adept at reassuring the power brokers, yet able to present themselves to voters as independent men of reason. No wonder their exchanges are compared to marital quarrels. When basic policies and principles of governance are outside the bounds of public discourse,

Richard Falk teaches at Princeton University and is the author of The End of World Order *(Holmes and Meier).*

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personality traits become the natural focus. Increasingly, and not just because television has become so central to our political judgments, elections are turning into image contests, with slogans masquerading as ideas and expressions of sincerity covering for the paucity of serious proposals.

A safe public stance on national security is especially critical to a liberal candidate's credibility, as is the choice of advisers, who must be reassuring to the Pentagon and intelligence services. Conservatives, on the other hand, can veer quite far off course. The spoilers in the national security bureaucracy are not nearly as threatened by deviation from the right, although they don't welcome it; it too threatens their commitment to organizational rationality, which is essentially managerial rather than ideological. Barry Goldwater went too far in 1964, and Ronald Reagan approached the edge in 1980, before pulling back to reassure the people of his peaceful purposes and his understanding of just how disastrous nuclear war would be. Reagan's smooth voice and perky one-liners work against the perception of him as a dangerous true believer. Similarly, Vietnam hawks, despite having been wrong, are far less discredited than Vietnam doves. All this simply shows that a right-leaning consensus on issues of war and peace has little to do with the American people's clear mandate to move toward national security policies that would bring an end to the nuclear arms race and U.S. intervention abroad.

This blockage of the democratic process is reinforced by the realities of post-recession capitalism. The U.S. economic recovery is fragile and has been based, in part, on squeezing the poor and rolling back labor gains of earlier decades. It is questionable whether the recovery can continue, even with the "discipline" of reduced spending for welfare and other services and increased incentives for savings and investment. However, the Democratic hopefuls have no persuasive post-Keynesian framework by which they can reconcile an ethics of compassion with an economics of sustained, noninflationary growth. If Reagan prevails in November it will be because the Democratic candidate is not trusted by enough middle-class voters to keep the discipline believed necessary to prevent the recurrence of double-digit inflation.

In that context we can begin to grasp the reason the political debate is sterile. Sterility has become functional. It is not a matter of the stupidity or unimaginativeness of the candidates. Rather it reflects their correct reading of constraints and their overriding desire to get into the Oval Office.

Expressed differently, if the Pentagon bureaucracy didn't inhibit fundamental rethinking of national security it would be feasible for a candidate to propose an economic policy to achieve both reindustrialization and a fairer distribution of the growth surplus, without unduly raising fears of renewed inflation. As matters stand, both the national security bureaucracy and the middle class must be reasonably placated. Without a reassured military a candidate is shorn of credibility, and without the middle class a candidate cannot win.

Despite all this, it remains important to defeat Reagan. The stakes are low on fundamentals but high on policy effects. Without Reagan prospects are better for calmer East-West relations; for de-escalation of intervention in Central America; for gains by the poor, minorities and labor; and for greater protection of liberties at home and human rights abroad. Those differences in policy are tangible enough to make voting worthwhile, but they do not put out the fires of militarism and injustice. It is important to defeat Reagan but also to realize that in a sense, either Mondale or Hart would fiddle while the world continues to burn.

The deeper political challenge calls for the revitalization of democracy. If the foregoing analysis is generally correct, campaigns, elections and the institutions of government are substantially captive to a militarized state dominated by unaccountable and inaccessible career civil servants and reinforced by special interests that greatly influence political discourse. Labor is the logical counterweight for a democratizing movement, but its centers of power have been co-opted or pacified. Jackson's Rainbow Coalition could be that counterweight, but only if it develops coherence on the substance of foreign policy. The peace movement and many religious groups have also been heading toward an encounter with the state on nuclear policy. The Catholic bishops' pastoral letter of a year ago is a direct challenge, arguing carefully and unequivocally that reliance on nuclear weapons is incompatible with our civilization's moral and spiritual traditions. Some lawyers' groups contend that nuclear weapons doctrines violate international law. In effect, those voices are building a case that the state is an illegitimate enterprise and that nonviolent resistance is justified, even required by the principles of the Nuremberg judgment. That logic has long informed the position of antinuclear activists such as the Berrigans, Jim Douglass and many others.

The expressions of dissent suggest that the political space exists for new, more radical messages to the American people. A strong leader might be able to prevail in the face of the expected assaults on credibility. We must work toward that possibility—indeed, we must insist on it. Thus, the inadequacies of this year's election might provide a learning experience as well as a predictable disappointment. □

COMING UP

- Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir on Gen. William Westmoreland's $120 million libel suit against CBS.
- Fred Poole and Max Vanzi on Reagan's collusion with Philippine security forces operating in the United States.
- Alan Wolfe on the world's first purely capitalist society.

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A Letter to America.
The Nation January Inauguration issue was devoted entirely to E.P. Thompson's compelling essay on the clear and present danger of nuclear war.

Intervention.
Under what conditions, if any, is military (or other) intervention ever justified? An entire issue of *The Nation* on the subject of intervention contains the papers presented at a Conference on Intervention, co-sponsored by *The Nation* and the Columbia University School of International Affairs.

END and the "Peace Offensive."
Warning that the peace movement must not be caught "sleepwalking," E.P. Thompson outlines the dangers of the Soviet "peace offensive," and urges the movement to eschew the seductions of both superpowers. Also included is a lively exchange of letters between Thompson and Norman Solomon, co-author of "Killing Our Own," debating the controversial issues raised by Thompson's brilliant essay.

Empire as a Way of Life.
William Appleman Williams' brilliant analysis of America's life with an empire—and the implications of life without one—was the focus of this special issue that was distributed to the delegates at the 1980 Democratic National Convention.

The Selling of Japan.
From every quarter American business is urged to adopt some feature of Japan's stunningly successful economic model. But is this model applicable to the United States? What are the implications of Japanese solutions to the problems of American business? This issue opens up and expands the "Japan debate," while shattering some of the myths about the Japanese economic system now in circulation.

Feminist Books.
Today, an exciting new feminist scholarship is re-evaluating a host of subjects from sexuality to the history of socialism to coeducation. This special issue offers an up-to-date sampling of recent offerings in a field that is more lively, contradictory and urgent than ever.

Myths of the Middle East.
This special issue of *The Nation* is devoted to breaking the logomachy jam in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict by subjecting the emotion-sodden rhetoric that weighs down current thinking to a blast of fresh ideas.

Nuclear Samizdat.
What do Russians think about the nuclear arms race? Two prominent Marxist dissidents, historian Roy A. Medvedev and biologist Zhores A. Medvedev, provide the unofficial viewpoint with a clarity rarely found in the American press.

El Salvador.
A compilation of *Nation* articles on Central America and El Salvador, including an early debunking of the famed "White Paper" by James Petras.

Disarmament: Covering the Unthinkable.
In this special issue Richard Pollak takes a critical look at the media coverage of the indisputably most important issue facing mankind; Michael Kazin gives a brief history of the birth of the freeze movement; and David Corn presents a useful directory of organizations working on the disarmament issue.

The New Arms Technology.
From the catapult to particle beam weapons, the engineering of death has concentrated more attention and resources than any other human endeavor. Nine leading experts explore and explain the latest arms technology—both "conventional" and nuclear—and trace the political decisions which have led us closer to Armageddon than ever before.

The Campaign to Smear the Nuclear Freeze Movement.
Frank Donner offers a provocative analysis and thorough documentation of the outrageous attempts by right wingers in media, Congress and the Administration to discredit the nuclear freeze movement, charging that it is inspired and manipulated by the Soviet Union.

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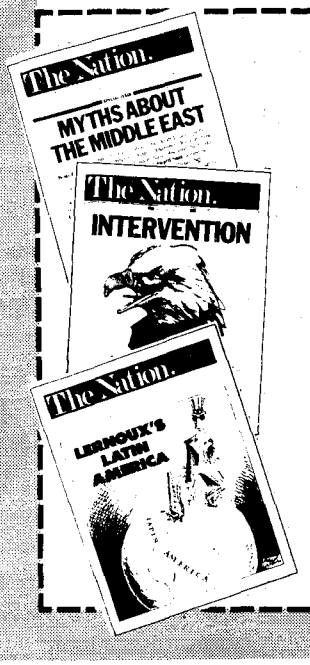

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Critical Misgivings

J.D. McCLATCHY

THE ARTS WITHOUT MYSTERY. *By Denis Donoghue. Little, Brown. 151 pp. $15.95.*

INTROSPECTION AND CONTEMPORARY POETRY. *By Alan Williamson. Harvard University Press. 207 pp. $17.50.*

Invited by the British Broadcasting Corporation to deliver the 1982 Reith Lectures, Denis Donoghue, realizing his subject had to be as broad as his radio audience, proposed the arts as a factor in public life: how they are produced and consumed today, how they are received in a culture glutted with images, how they are thought of by the liberal, pluralistic society that subsidizes them and by the critics who live off them. The six lectures Donoghue gave form the basis of *The Arts Without Mystery.*

Mystery is the presumptive center of his argument, but Donoghue can only back up to it. It is, he urges, the rich and strange essence of art, its privilege and presence. If the arts are marginal in society, then it is on the margins that freedom is found, and mystery is its arena. Mystery is the Energy that Blake spoke of as eternal delight. In psychological terms, it is not just a need to be met but a ruling desire, the condition of life itself. "What is inexpressible—" wrote Wittgenstein, "what I find mysterious and am not able to express—is the background against which whatever I could express has its meaning." And in Donoghue's view as well, mystery is taken—or merely given—as the firmament of creation.

If this sounds heady but vague, it is—and it is left so. As his title suggests, Donoghue is primarily interested in current attitudes that deny, evade or neuter that mystery. The arts without mystery, he says, are commodity, and he ticks off the causes and consequences. Our traditional (i.e. Romantic) notion of the artist, for instance, has changed: he is no longer the heroic rebel, he is a visiting professor. The relation between art and society, and between the critic and the work of art, once properly antagonistic or at least interrogatory, is now compromised by an obligatory tolerance. The ironic, the elitist, the anarchic or outrageous—every attitude, every artistic ambition, sublime or ridiculous, has been domesticated. Psychology and politics, the bedfellows of relativism, have stolen the mystery. Donoghue's examples multiply: our passion to label the least twitch a new movement, thereby exalting and diminishing it; our fascination with "the embodied intention," with the work of art as a manifestation of the artist's personality; the dilution of objective standards; the enfranchisement of mediocrity (whatever an artist does is a work of art, in Andy Warhol's classic definition); the creation of artistic ghettos like Lincoln Center or *Masterpiece Theater*; the cozy tyranny of management and patronage. Overt hostility by a paranoid state has withered away: "The State isn't interested in any style, and . . . if it has to choose one, it settles readily enough for the most avant-garde style it can find, subject to a time-lag of a couple of years. What the State seems to be saying is: artists can do whatever they like, because nothing they do makes any difference to anyone."

Donoghue's lectures are a thoroughgoing indictment of the middlebrow art bureaucracy: professors and packagers, Mobil and the BBC, Donoghue himself and me. All of us conspire to make the soul familiar, to peddle political judgments as esthetic ones, to swell a mindless queue in front of every truly sacred object or trendy piece of junk.

Donoghue singles out the abdication of mind and the repudiation of will as the route to this dead end. In a time of no official standards, no steady canon or unified audience to generate and test values, the ability to discriminate is a victim along with the desire for choice. All experience is leveled, made picturesque. And where there are no strong convictions, there are no misgivings. Donoghue wants—or rather, is nostalgic for—both: "the discrimination of intelligible pleasures" is our task, and the precision with which we judge should be bounded by a necessary hesitation, a scruple in the face of mystery that current zealots of explanation presume to ignore.

The new Babbitry, then, is not in Gopher Prairie or *Reader's Digest*, but in Soho and *Vanity Fair*. This is not a recent or original point, but it bears repeating and is forcibly, if not closely argued. Donoghue's shrewdness is sometimes blurred by moralism and a stuffy tone. But he is a poised social and cultural critic. In any such quick survey of the scene, one expects mistakes. (The name of the Whitney Museum and the title of a Craig Raine poem are bungled.) But there are also some unaccountable omissions (film, the ballet), and any number of misunderstandings (of how Jackson Pollock painted, how James Merrill writes, how music criticism is done).

The book also suffers from a split personality. No critic likes to base his argument on the obvious. To compensate for the accessible tone of his lectures, Donoghue has added, as if for the graduate student, shoulder notes and a commentary to each. These are follow-ups and afterthoughts, ruminations and grumblings. They do not add much to the substance of the lectures, but do emphasize—to the detriment of his discussion of other arts—that he has a literary model in mind. Defending common sense in criticism, Donoghue argues with the temple priests: Derrida, Lévi-Strauss, Foucault, Sontag. Defending art against expropriation by Marxist or psychoanalytical critics, he takes on John Berger, T.W. Adorno and others. His remarks are potshots, asides for the specialists.

When I summarize Donoghue's arguments—his defense of mystery and discrimination, of mind itself—I find myself in sympathy with him. But when I read his book, I am dissatisfied. Alternately expansive and distracted, reverent and dyspeptic, it lacks a sustained reasonableness.

Alan Williamson's new book is animated by the high seriousness, by the same sense of conviction and misgiving that Donoghue calls for. Though he nowhere says so, I am sure Williamson would agree with T.S. Eliot that poets "all have to choose whatever subject matter allows them the most powerful and most secret release." To describe a grain of sand or wild flower is no meaner than any discourse on heaven and

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earth. But Williamson's argument here is framed by the more narrow and dogged assumption that true poetry is about "adult enterprises," particular life histories. His concern is to trace the outlines of "personal poetry" since the rise of the confessional poets in the late 1950s. Myself, I prefer to cling to the old distinction between self and persona, between personal identity and literary characterization. But Williamson tends, reductively, to blur that difference, and further, to view personal poetry as a response to a unique set of historical and sociological circumstances rather than as the latest redaction of a literary tradition that can be traced back to Whitman or Wordsworth.

Though he begins with an overly pathological rehash of Sylvia Plath's work, Williamson is not primarily interested in personalities, but in modes of personal poetry. He cites three, and they follow a rough chronology. The first generation of confessionalists sought methods of self-objectification: how to portray and explore the psychological self and its Freudian economy. The act of self-definition by these poets (unfortunately Williamson says too little about Lowell, and next to nothing about Berryman, Ginsberg and the others) is a ritual for both author and reader "of participation, yet also of objectification, and finally of transcendence of human isolation."

"Transcendence" is precisely the mode of the second generation—Galway Kinnell, James Wright, W.S. Merwin and Gary Snyder. Theirs are the shapes of internalized history, gestures rather than confessions, language made to express rather than present the self. The influence of these poets, in turn, gave rise to the third mode: self-negation, the dominant style of the last decade. Williamson's account of the new surrealists is crusted with a fine disdain. Absence, silence and anomie are the thumbs they suck. Their folksy anti-intellectualism, their soggy allegories of self-pity lack all personality, interest or value.

In the work of a few poets, however, Williamson sees "the possibility of a commerce between the school of metaphysical alienations and the school of literal autobiography." Working from the one side are poets like Mark Strand and Jon Anderson; from the other, Louise Glück and Frank Bidart. His discussion of this commerce and these poets is strong and sympathetic. Best, though, is a chapter on the poet who soars above such categories—John Ashbery, "the poet of disjunctions and uncompleted stories, the first abstract painter in our poetry." Williamson's account of Ashbery's achievement, of his rhetorical and thematic maneuvers, is helpful. Here is a poet, the critic seems to be saying, who contradicts my argument (and anyone's), who has no interest in raw self-expression, whose subject is an "immensely extended but thinned-out mode of selfhood," and yet who speaks to us more intimately and urgently than most other poets, especially those who wear their psyches on their sleeves.

Williamson is at his best in this kind of prolonged and careful examination. Elsewhere, his remarks seem illuminating but perfunctory; this may be the result of having stitched together old reviews. Perhaps to allow himself as wide a focus as possible, he has left his thesis—the foundations of poetry in the self—too vague. And those authorities he helps himself to—Jung, R.D. Laing, and such existential analysts as Ludwig Binswanger—more often obscure than clarify a point or poem under discussion. Poetry may sometimes parallel psychological formulations, but can't be "explained" by them. Besides, the analysts encourage—in any critic, even in such a fine one as Williamson—downright ugly writing, as when he says of some poems by James Wright, "Throughout the sequence, masturbation and adult heterosexuality are used as loose, but sufficiently clear, metaphors for degrees of recognition of otherness in societal behavior." Putting poems on the couch does this sort of damage to them. It's a joyless enterprise; there is no truck with myth or serious play. And finally, little mystery. We are asked to see poems as problems by which the self is absolved. □

DIGGING TO CHINA

Yes, when the man began to dig to China,
First the sand poured into each declivity.
It was hopeless, he felt desperate.

Then his shovel's rim met rock
And when metal strikes stone, they ring aloud
And reverberate sharply back through a man's whole body

Like a twanged string or the shudders of influenza.
When finally he chopped through the rock
It got softer, hotter, more violent and

More turbulent, the grim minerals melted
Into one another, there was a burbling
Dark redness that hissed and sang,

And the blonde man plunged into that center,
Where he fell asleep, as if on quilts, amid the hissing.
He slept one hundred years, one thousand.

He woke up naturally, nobody
Woke him, and yawning, he climbed
To earth's surface, where just

As he pulled himself from the sandy hole,
The sun was setting, the moon with Venus rising,
The lower sky's paleness suffused with juice,

As if from cut plums, nectarines
And cherries on white chinaware. When he raised his nose
To smell, ah yes, it was the early summer,

Yes, there were crickets in the damp grass,
Yes, there was peacefulness on earth,
It all had been arranged.

Alicia Ostriker

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Are "schoolboy scuffles" in the White House damaging Reagan's chances to achieve world peace?

"My frankness may startle."

When Alexander M. Haig, Jr., became U.S. Secretary of State, he saw in President Reagan "a figure who possessed great gifts of leadership—an honest mind, a good heart, a sound conception of America, and the common touch."

Today, "it remains my hope as an American that history will have reason to call Reagan great."

But "staff mischief," Haig believes, may prevent it.

And so, saddened and alarmed, he has written his *Caveat.*

"My frankness may startle," Haig predicts.

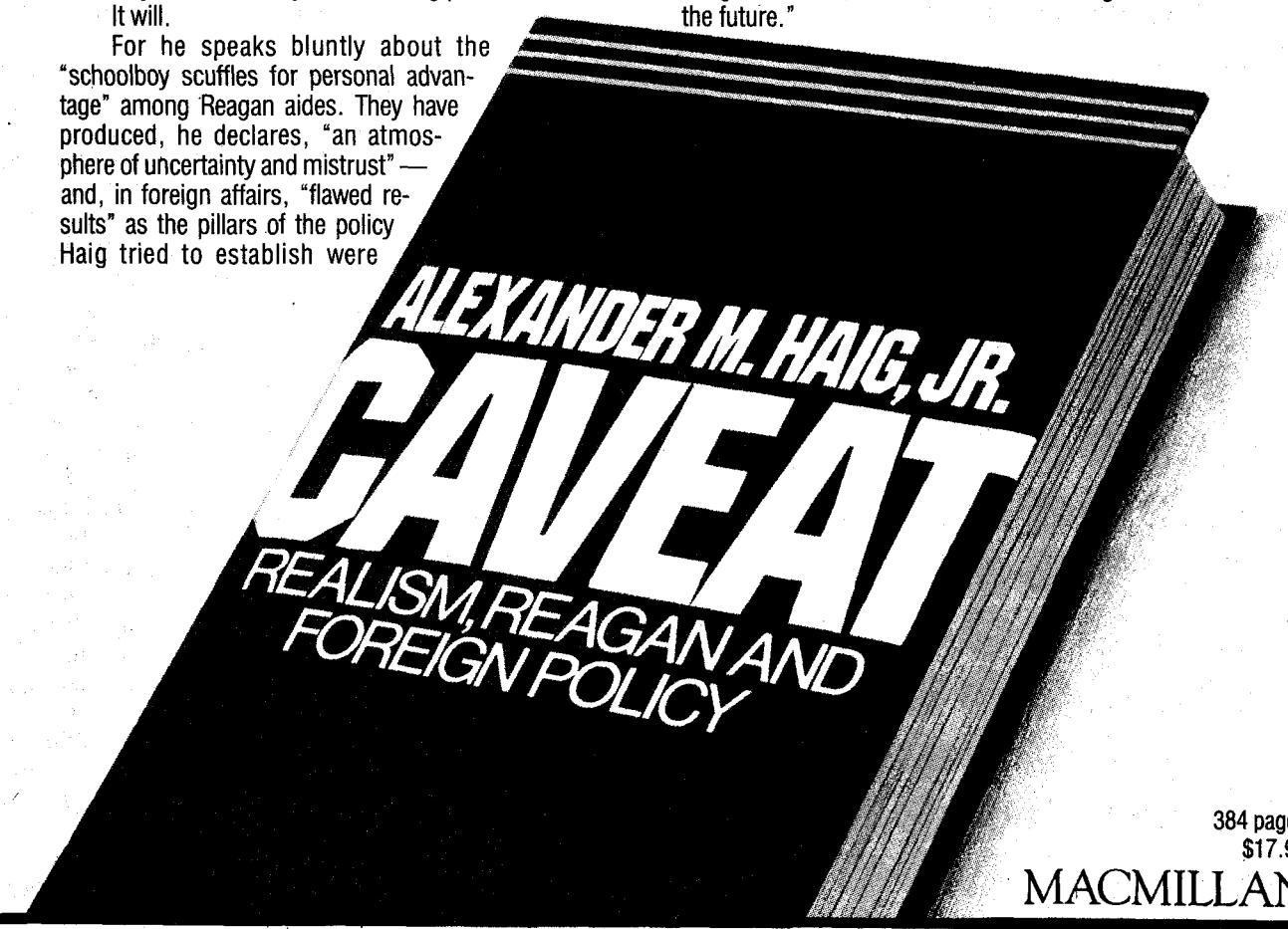
It will.

For he speaks bluntly about the "schoolboy scuffles for personal advantage" among Reagan aides. They have produced, he declares, "an atmosphere of uncertainty and mistrust"—and, in foreign affairs, "flawed results" as the pillars of the policy Haig tried to establish were "shaken by the Samsons of populism and petty ambition."

Haig's account of his stormy tenure as Secretary of State is salted with wit and graced with thoughtful insights, as he discusses the AWACS controversy...China...Poland...the Falklands crisis...and the "mixed signals" that bedeviled our Lebanon experience.

He is forthright—and often surprising—in describing his relationships with Caspar Weinberger, James Baker, Jeane Kirkpatrick, and other Reagan appointees. And he provides his definitive account of the controversial "I am in control here" episode when Reagan was shot.

Alexander Haig's *Caveat* is more than a warning. It is a bold statement of purpose—one man's view of the direction America's foreign policy must take, and what Ronald Reagan must do, if he "wishes to be among the makers of the future."



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Cricket and Colonialism

MARK NAISON

BEYOND A BOUNDARY. *By C.L.R. James. Pantheon. 256 pp. $16.95. Paper $8.95.*

Fourteen years ago, a middle-aged community organizer from Detroit handed a dog-eared book on cricket to an S.D.S. activist from New York City who had been complaining about his comrades' lack of interest in sports and about his own inability to reconcile his love of sports with his political ideals. "Read this," the veteran told him. "It will make all the things you're feeling make sense." The S.D.S.er started reading, and images of schoolyard basketball games in Brooklyn and Harlem, of the bleachers in Ebbets Field, of heroic moments on the tennis court and of Muhammad Ali confounding the media suddenly came together. That book, at once the memoirs of a West Indian Marxist and a social history of cricket, helped the young New Yorker understand his own history and the role of sports in American popular culture better than anything he had ever read.

I was that S.D.S.er, and the book that possessed that magical quality was C.L.R. James's *Beyond A Boundary*, now reprinted for the first time for American audiences. Analyzing a sport that was, in its West Indian setting, a quintessential expression of British colonial culture, James shows how it became an instrument through which West Indians, including himself, affirmed their identity and their claims to independence. Without understanding the racial politics of international cricket, James argues, one cannot understand West Indian nationalism. And to do that, one must have respect for the power and appeal of modern sports.

James's account of his childhood is a stunning portrait of the impact of British culture on colonial subjects and a memorable picture of the making of a radical intellectual. Here is James, the son of starched-collar puritans in the freewheeling society of Trinidad, drawn into a romantic involvement with English literature and the game of cricket:

> There I was way out in the West Indies, before I was ten, playing games and running races like other little boys, but almost in secret devoting my immense energies to the accumulation of facts and statistics about Grace and Ranjitsinhji [legendary cricket players], and reading *Vanity Fair* on the average once every three months.

Sent to Trinidad's best schools because of his academic gifts and marked for membership in the island's black elite, James found himself "an alien in his own environment," the subject of "a war between English Puritanism, English literature and cricket, and the realism of West Indian life." Here, the reader is faced with an apparent contradiction—the future Marxist historian, nationalist agitator and advocate of African independence rigorously practicing and preaching the British public school code. Yet by making black youths like James members of the "British middle classes" and by incorporating blacks of all classes into the moral universe of cricket the British were subverting their own claims to "stewardship" of their *colonial subjects*. In spheres governed by fair play and respect for individual talent, colonials found they could match the whites, and the resulting self-confidence spilled over into politics.

Cricket pervaded Trinidadian life. Local players competed in every town and village, while the cream of the island's players engaged in international competition and played in British leagues. Those international cricketers were cultural heroes but also local figures, regularly joining in neighborhood pickup games. Yet race was omnipresent. Island teams were organized along class and color lines, and although blacks were overwhelmingly the best players, they were excluded from the captaincy in international competition. That discrimination stirred impassioned debate among the island's citizens, yet for James it had a paradoxically positive effect:

> I haven't the slightest doubt that the clash of race, caste and class did not retard but stimulated West Indian cricket. I am equally certain that in those years [before World War II] social and political passions, denied normal outlets, expressed themselves so fiercely in cricket (and other games) precisely because they were games.

Black players, invariably glorified by white writers for their "natural" gifts, approached their play with a singleness of purpose that reflected an intuitive understanding of what they represented to the West Indian masses. Of one great player James writes, "To tens of thousands of coloured Trinidadians the unquestioned glory of St. Hill's batting conveyed the sensation that here was one of us. . . . It was a demonstration that atoned for a pervading humiliation, and nourished pride and hope."

If that description seems like a romanticization of cricket's political significance (and James is an unabashed romantic), it gains credence from James's political odyssey. The man who encouraged James to go to England to pursue a literary career, who supported him financially while he wrote his first political works, who stood with him on the platform when he made his maiden speeches in behalf of West Indian independence, was the world-class Trinidadian cricketer Learie Constantine. Constantine came back from his first year in the British leagues, where he was an instant star, and told James: "You have it all wrong. You believe all that you read in those books. They are no better than we." To James, that statement became a slogan and a banner. "It was politics, the politics of nationalism."

In the final sections of his book, James takes cultural critics to task for devaluing the esthetic and social meaning of sports. Cricket, he argues, can be subjected to the same standards of criticism as literature, drama or painting: its movements have comparable subtlety and complexity and require as much discipline and imagination. "The basic motions of cricket," he claims, "represent physical action which has been the basis not only of primitive, but civilized life for countless centuries. In work and in play, they were the motions by which men lived and without which they would perish."

For James, moreover, to reject the esthetic of sports has profoundly undemocratic implications. Although much of the left held that "workers were deflected from politics by sports," James rebelled against that formulation and turned his historical research to the subject. He found that the rise of spectator sports in Europe from the 1850s

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through the 1890s coincided with the extension of the franchise, factory legislation and the founding of socialist parties: "This same public that wanted sports and games so eagerly wanted popular democracy too." The best-known Englishman of the late nineteenth century was the great cricket player W.G. Grace, yet his name appears in few social histories of the period, even those written by socialist scholars. James sees that as the historians' failure to penetrate the lived experience of the "common people" they claim to be interested in.

Beyond a Boundary is a book of remarkable richness and force, which vastly expands our understanding of sports as an element of popular culture in the Western and colonial world. "What do they know of cricket who only cricket know?" James writes:

> West Indians crowding to Tests [international matches] bring with them the whole past history and future hope of the islands. English people, for example, have a conception of themselves breathed from birth. Drake and mighty Nelson, Shakespeare, Waterloo, the Charge of the Light Brigade, the few who did so much for so many, the success of parliamentary democracy, those and such as those constitute a national tradition. . . . We of the West Indies have none at all, none that we know of. To such people the three W's, Ram and Val [great West Indian cricket players] wrecking English batting, help to fill a huge gap in their consciousness and in their needs. □

Rhodesian Dispatches

DAVID LEVERING LEWIS

UNDER THE SKIN: The Death of White Rhodesia. *By David Caute. Northwestern University Press. 446 pp. $19.95.*

Thirty years ago, in *Inside Africa*, John Gunther foresaw a troubled future for Southern Rhodesia, the continent's second-largest English-speaking laager: "Thousands upon thousands of Africans will in the next few years erupt out of the reserves, and come into the factories and towns. The possibilities of conflict are endless, boundless." Error and oversimplification notwithstanding, *Inside Africa* still fascinates because of its author's informed reading of the road signs to political disaster.

Gunther found Cecil Rhodes's white supremacist spirit regnant everywhere between the Zambezi and Limpopo Rivers. More than 2 million Africans were being fobbed off with the promise of slow progress toward shared political and economic power, while 160,000 whites occupied 50 percent of the farmland, by far the best; monopolized skilled and semiskilled jobs in the burgeoning asbestos and chrome industries; kept the upper civil-service echelons, except for a few tokens, as white as the snows of Mount Kilimanjaro; enforced rigid social and residential segregation in the cities; and restricted the franchise to 429 Africans. As even "decent" whites there told Gunther, "Things are not so bad for our Africans here, because they have not yet learned about passive resistance and all that rot . . . so that we have not had to *retaliate*."

Twenty years later, after declaring unilateral independence from Great Britain in 1965 and turning themselves into an apartheid republic in 1970, Rhodesia's *Herrenvolk* found themselves retaliating not against the nonviolent techniques of Gandhi and Martin Luther King Jr. but against increasingly bloody guerrilla attacks by groups under Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe. David Caute begins *Under the Skin: The Death of White Rhodesia* in 1976, with the intensification of the Rhodesian civil war. That was the year in which the trickle of whites taking the "yellow road" to South Africa, Canada or Australia (anywhere but "ruined" socialist Britain) became a stream (net loss: 7,072); newly independent Mozambique closed its pleasure grounds to fun-loving Salisbury and Umtali burghers and sprouted guerrilla training camps like mushrooms; thirty rural whites were slaughtered; and—ultimate calamity—South Africa and Henry Kissinger forced Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith to accept the principle of majority rule. For the laconic Smith, a politician Caute describes perfectly as "bent on defying the known laws of political gravity," the

David Levering Lewis is writing a history of the African reaction to the Fashoda Incident of 1898. He teaches at the University of California, San Diego.

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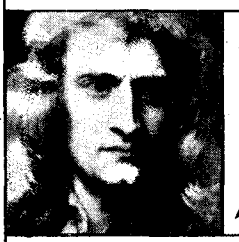

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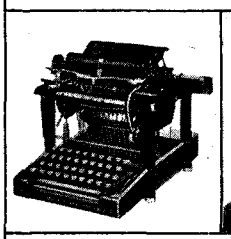

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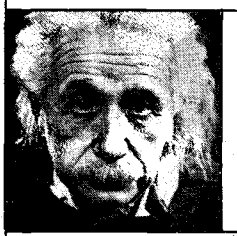
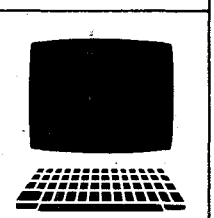

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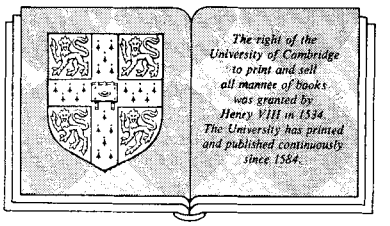
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Washington-Pretoria *diktat* was the bitterest of pills. Smith had "never believed in one man, one vote in any country, including the U.K." Despite the elaborate charade of an "internal" solution involving the ersatz African nationalists Bishop Abel Muzorewa and the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole, little changed in Rhodesia. Political power and control of the army remained in the hands of Smith and the Rhodesian Front.

The consequences of white obduracy and hysteria were appalling. In the four years preceding the 1980 cease-fire, white Rhodesia lost thirty lives and spent $1.5 million, 40 percent of the national budget, each day. Caute's book translates ideological abstractions and statistics into a composition almost "Bolero"-like in its insistent, throbbing, accelerating, hypnotic immediacy. *Under the Skin* flashes before us so much gore, pusillanimity, wrongheaded loyalty, lunatic behavior and Geneva Convention outrage that at times it makes almost unbearable reading. Caute places us aboard the Viscount Umniati, the second commercial passenger airliner brought down by rebel missile fire, and gives a gruesome account of the butchering of 1,200 men, women and children at a Zimbabwean training camp deep in Mozambique. Specially armored civilian Land Rovers are blasted away by mines; rockets arc out of Mozambique and Zambia into posh resorts and desperately needed mission schools.

Meanwhile, the ground beat of killings accelerates:

> Christian Fanken, 61, was abducted and found murdered on his farm in the Selukwe district on 12 July. Huntsman Williams, 34, of Turk Mine, Inyati farmer and former Rhodesian cricketer, was killed on 3 August when his vehicle was hit by rockets. . . . The Rev. Evans lay with his hands tied, his face hacked open. Beside him lay 55-year-old Miss Catherine Picken. . . . A long-handled axe had been buried in the back of her head.

The unremitting enumeration of horrors seems at times tedious. The death and circumstances of every white Rhodesian killed by "terrorists" between 1976 and 1980 cannot possibly have been recorded here, but it certainly reads that way.

When they are not dropping like flies, white Rhodesians expatiate on their misunderstood treatment of Africans, their loathing for contemporary Britain, their dread of communism and their homicidal fantasies about Foreign Secretary David Owen and U.N. ambassador Andrew Young; on the formidable difficulty of spiriting money out of the country and the categorical imperative by which their inflated civil service pensions must be guaranteed by the British taxpayer; on their historic struggle (although in 1970 only 40 percent of the white population was native-born) to build up Rhodesia. If it did nothing more than record these self-serving pieties, Caute's book would be a powerful document for the African cause, as were his searing news dispatches during the war.

The message of *Under the Skin*, like that of O. Manoni's classic on the 1947 Madagascar uprising, *Prospero and Caliban*, is that settler populations respond violently and irrationally to even the mildest demands for equity from native peoples. White Rhodesians were not "uniquely rapacious, exploitative and imperialistic," Caute writes, bu possessed of "a collective state o mind . . . by which pillage is termec responsible government, repressior becomes law and order, usurpation i called authority, violence is lauded a restraint." That eloquent formulation i stated early and often in *Under th Skin*. My own wish is that Caute hac shaped his material better, giving hi argument, as Manoni does, a text whos ample and vivid detail sustains rathe than overloads his thesis. The book would have been more compelling if w had not merely been given four years worth of lightly retouched *Observer* and *New Statesman* dispatches. Still, like one of Charles Péguy's passionate, endless poems, its cumulative impact i moving. □

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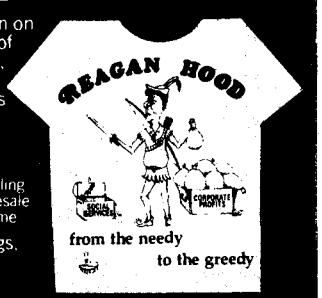

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The Paul Taylor Dance Company

Paul Taylor's *Equinox* is a handsome ballet for four couples in which impetuousness and restraint are continually rebalanced before a glowing emerald cyclorama (lit by Jennifer Tipton) to the Brahms Quintet in F major (Op. 88). Its New York premiere during the Taylor company's recent season at City Center did not meet with overwhelming acclaim, but it enjoyed a solid success, which may intensify with time. Taylor fans were especially taken with the cunning transitions and delicate tone; the first two of the three sections are as well-crafted as anything Taylor has produced in the past fifteen years. The third section is more scattered in its imagery and looks leached of dramatic innuendo. After watching three performances, I still don't know what to make of it.

Costumed in ivory sports clothes by William Ivey Long, the piece is a virtual ballet blanc, romantic in gesture but formally austere. (Several reviewers have suggested that the white costumes may be based on those Nijinsky used for his 1913 tennis ballet, a rumination on ambiguous sexuality called *Jeux*.) The symmetrical groupings and diverting ornamentation, such as the little ronds de jambe Kate Johnson pauses to trace on her way between two larger steps, point up the music's classical structure; the gestures of sensual play

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sensitize one to the passion with which the melodies are commingled.

As is customary with Taylor, the choreography takes off from a rather small set of movements which are variously swollen, splintered, reversed, becalmed and otherwise exploited to achieve the effect of spontaneity. *Equinox* opens with three women on one side of the stage and three men on the other; they regard each other intently across the bright emptiness of center stage. Soon, we see two of the ballet's four couples exalted in the center: first an apparently experienced pair, Linda Kent and Elie Chaib, then a younger team, Johnson and Kenneth Tosti. The tone is impulsive and playful, although a number of images, notably some spread-eagle lifts, have decided sexual suggestiveness and serve as subliminal preparation for later, more explicit material.

Throughout the first section, the two secondary couples (Cathy McCann and Douglas Wright, Sandra Stone and James Karr) flirt with each other, forming both opposite-sex and same-sex combinations. In the second section, those flirtations are given weight and depth, and we see Tosti leave Johnson to join the other star couple, Kent and Chaib. Left like a spurned lover or a neglected child, Johnson performs an introspective solo marked by sudden alternations between large, forward-moving, ardent steps and small, closed, self-stymied gestures; mixing her motives full force, she takes first one, then a second large développé, each time crossing her hand over her heel as the leg flowers open, nipping the full scope of the action. The physical contradictions of her solo have emotional resonance: one feels that the dance is about an equinox in the life of a character, and suddenly a frame is put around the whole ballet. *Equinox* continues with a lovely and sprightly third movement for the full cast, but with those développés its expressive intensity reaches a climax.

The sense of paralysis caused by carefully matched opposing forces can be found in many other Taylor dances, but rarely is it so clear or (thanks to Johnson's performing personality) so innocent in effect. In . . . *Byzantium* for example, given its world premiere at City Center in March, the pervasive ambivalence looks world-weary and inconclusive. Set to several pieces for orchestra by Edgard Varèse—music Taylor makes sound theatrical but not

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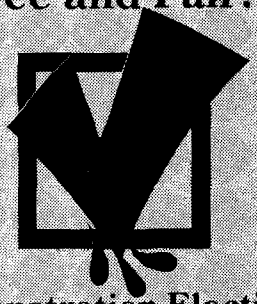

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exactly urgent— . . .*Byzantium* opens with a virtuoso solo for David Parsons in which every step to one direction is countered by a fall or advance elsewhere; it ends with a gaggle of robed authorities and aimless subjects clumped together in punch-drunk inaction.

Although by the end of their month at City Center the intense period of performing was producing some minor spills and overly sprung timings, the Taylor company can be relied on to reveal something new at each performance of the most familiar works. This season, we saw more exaggerated facial acting than in the past, but we also saw dancing of enormous rhythmic clarity—in the revival of *Big Bertha*, in *Airs*, in the ingratiating *Diggity* and hard-edged *Snow White*. This season, too, a particular aspect of Taylor's choreography seemed especially prominent: his ability to show us, through the deployment of dancers moving simultaneously at varying rates, how we actually hear multiple tempos in music. In *Esplanade* he discovers that the Bach scores are both palpitating and measured; in *Mercuric Tidings*, the Schubert is at once panicky and soothing. Dance after dance kept bringing to mind one of the greatest moments in Balanchine's *Nutcracker*—when, to a majestic series of harmonic ascents, a Christmas tree slowly grows to the size of a cathedral as Clara runs loops below it, lending it might and scale, a long-legged fly beside a glacier. If Taylor were to compose such a scene, our empathy would be with the smaller figure. □

HORACE

The master plies the instinct of the slave
with jewelry heavy on his gristly wrists,
a drowse of circumstance within his eyes
like vapor of an overturned perfume.

And still the varying light remembers there
uncertainty on marble, the dictator
wheezing where, bleeding now of larks,
refrigerated dawns, he saw harsh pines

lean back toward sea and a mortgaged farm
open shallow fields to grain and reason.
The palace injunction like a cord extends
over local cobblestones and walls,

exhausted shields, nets of felled trees,
up the legion-rooted riverbank to this
unwilling masterwork of failed ambition:
a saltcellar, a wooden table, these

draw the landscape down to homely scale,
where table is a field upon which rises
the low barracks of a pigeon breast,
a rusty lake of wine, a silver palace

where the emperor drowns in salt and scans
the perfect ellipse of the emperor's sky.
How small it seems beneath this northern sky,
dark plums swelling in the indigo trees,

long pigs, snouts in the grass, grovelling
for acorns. Only madness asks a man
to write business letters for a god.
High-heeled Octavian, whose lily palm

cupped the stink of blood, pricked Cicero dead—
severed hand silencing the Senate,
glazed eyes staring out of bodiless head.
The emperor digs our pasture in the thyme—

beyond the grave is grave beyond reach.
The gods pollute the altar of their speech.

William Logan

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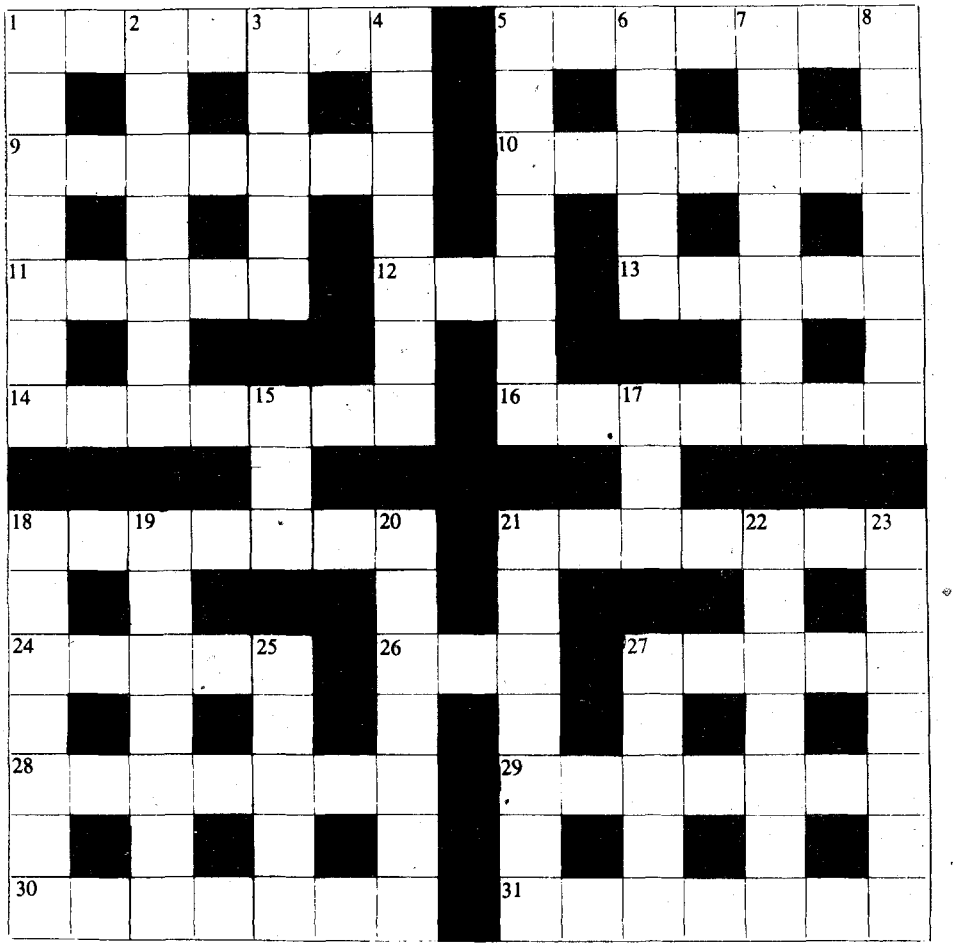

ACROSS

1 Quite logically it has a place to drink, etc., around it—somewhat disorderly. (7)
5 The sort of 1 across displaying a couple of animals like a panda. (7)
9 The science of muscles? That's one science that belongs to me! (7)
10 See 2 down
11 When one meets a Hibernian, you'll notice a little sign of respect! (5)
12 Where, when the speech comes through, you don't believe it. (3)
13 and 27 across Room for a slow one, but you probably won't go far at this. (6,4)
14 Grain export? It's probably hard. (7)
16 Stockmen and doctors, in sort, are about done! (7)
18 Arms back! You'll end up with broken leg! Get close! (7)
21 The cart is obviously upset when such a mechanism is engaged. (7)
24 and 26 The little animal gets hitched up, just like a badger did! (8)
27 See 13
28 Something that gives things out, like Mitterrand in part. (7)
29 Do wrong replacing the extremes of 28, getting left out. (7)
30 A child sometimes does on board, with rocks. (7)
31 Fed back, and vaguely seen as being other than an offense. (7)

DOWN

1 After being out, one does to become aware of the surroundings. (The statement of destination is unfinished.) (5,2)
2 and 10 across A khamsin and a norther might behave so uncertainly. (4,3,3,4)
3 That's the shape a girl's best friend was supposed to have been in! (5)
4 They might, if imitation kangaroos—but you might buy them here. (7)
5 Not the first one to retire, evidently—though the old miner might have done so. (7)
6 Send a bad assortment—you'll find the range. (5)
7 Proving cholera isn't all that bad—at least it might sound pretty! (7)
8 What a 2-year-old does is strange, lest you find it awkward around it. (7)
15 and 17 Unlike Mrs. Murphy's dish, the old cloth isn't in here! (6)
18 Cause the downfall of part of the wolf pack, getting green when old. (7)
19 By the sound of it, put a value on the way to get a lift. (7)
20 Jonathan, for example, isn't really Teddy's. (7)
21 Sent a message, possibly, such as "I do, dear!" (7)
22 As they used to say, list a number and cheer things up. (7)
23 Some workers might find it underfoot, being mistakenly let out when perused inside. (7)
25 Taking the wrong route might be "not done," as they say. (5)
27 In slang terms, certainly not quick—and certainly not pliant. (5)

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Alexander Cockburn on the PRESS.
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